HARPER'S WEEKLY

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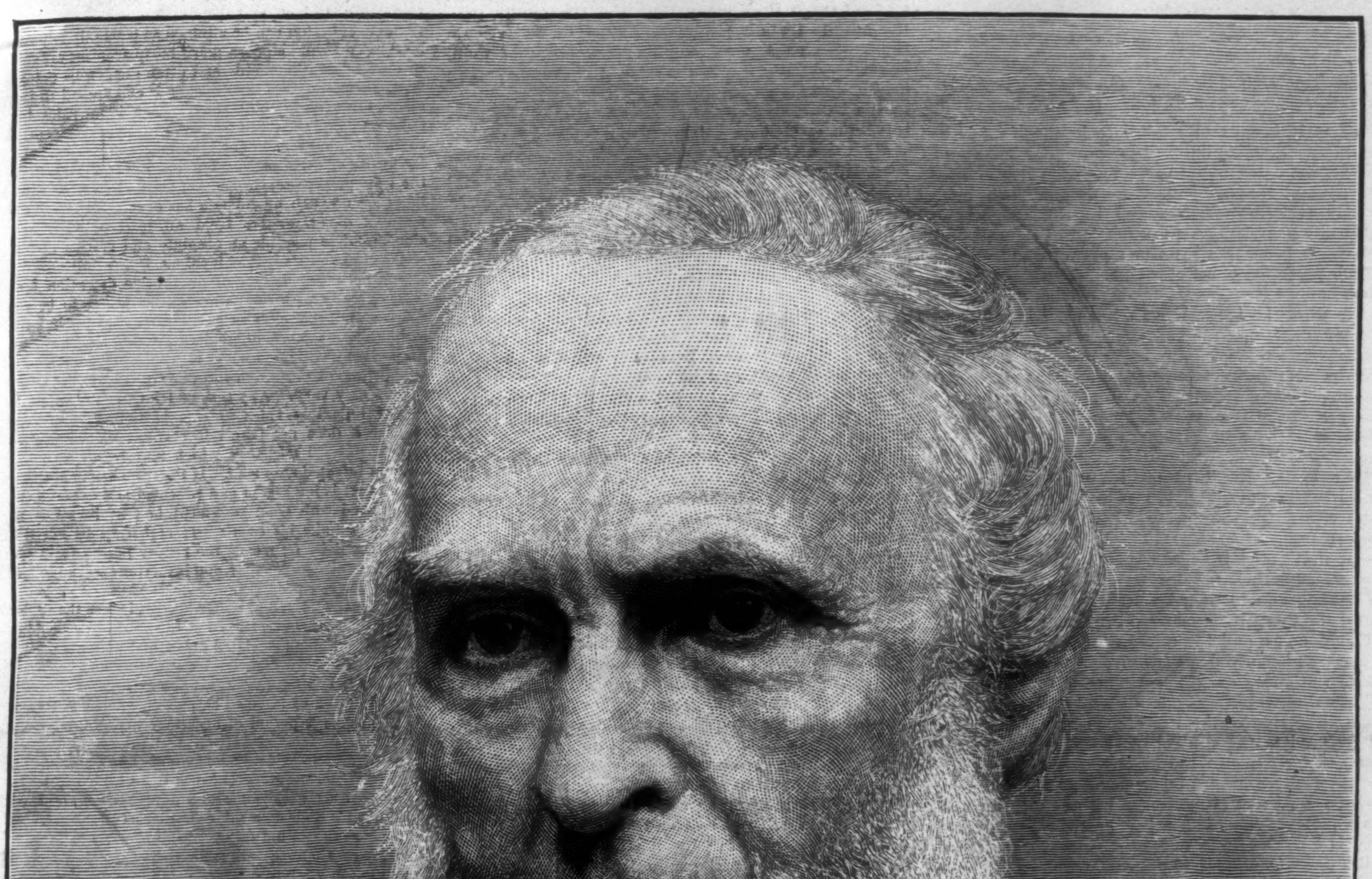

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—[SEE PAGE 894.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE TARIFF IN THE CAMPAIGN AND AFTER.

THE tariff is generally taken to be the chief issue in the Presidential campaign, and whatever of serious public discussion there has been has mainly turned upon that subject. The Republicans have adroitly chosen the paragraph in the Democratic platform which denounces protection as a fraud, and declares in favor of a revenue tariff pure and simple, as their principal point of attack. They try to make voters believe that the Democrats are bound to abolish the whole tariff as far as it has the slightest protective feature at one fell swoop, and to establish substantial free trade without the least regard to any of the interests that have grown up under the protective system. This gives occasion for the painting of lurid pictures of the general ruin and desolation that must necessarily follow if such a policy were adopted. As party warfare in Presidential campaigns goes, this is fair enough. But thinking men, intent upon forming an intelligent judgment as to whether the triumph of this or that party will be more advantageous to the public interest, will rather inquire what this or that party, if successful in the election, may be expected actually to do; for the action of a political party when intrusted with power is ordinarily shaped far more by its controlling motives, its general tendencies, and the circumstances surrounding it than by platform declarations intended to produce certain temporary effects upon voters.

What the Republican party would do if continued in the possession of the Presidency and the Senate, and restored to the control of the House of Representatives, can be foretold with almost absolute certainty. It is believed by many that Republican success would result in a period of stability in our economic policy. This is a mistake. The Republican party is bound to the moneyed interests protected by the tariff by a bond of mutual support. The favored industries aid the Republican party in carrying the elections and in maintaining itself in power, and the Republican party repays its helpful friends in the way of such tariff legislation as they may think it for their profit to get. It might be supposed that the MCKINLEY tariff had given the protected industries their fill, and that they would not ask for more. This hope is surely doomed to disappointment. As the history of our own tariffs shows, every protective tariff is followed by a demand for higher duties. There are always the same causes at work, producing always the same effects.

Every protective tariff, and especially a piece of tariff legislation so complicated as the MCKINLEY act is, favors one industrial interest at the expense of others, and those interests which are put at a disadvantage are sure to ask for an increase of the duties protecting them, "to make the system harmonious and symmetrical." There is another circumstance working in the same direction. Senator MORRILL, the father of the famous MORRILL tariff, said in one of his speeches defending the manufacturers against the charge of constantly asking for more protection: "Experienced manufacturers are always moderate in their demands. Only those unskilled, or working with inferior machinery, clamor for extravagant protection. Prudent men know that large protection nurses a host of wild and reckless competitors, who flourish for a day and go down with a crash, carrying with them even those whose more prudent management deserved success." This is an admirably true picture. Nothing can be more certain than that the MCKINLEY tariff, promising the manufacturers extraordinary profits, has drawn and will draw into industrial enterprise a great many adventurous spirits with little skill and experience, who will "flourish for a day," and then, drifting into embarrassments, rush to Congress clamoring for higher duties to help them out of their troubles. A third class of business men will do the same thing. They are the sagacious men who see clearly enough that even if the Republican party be successful again this time, the days of the high protective system are nevertheless numbered, and who therefore wish to make the best of their opportunities in the shape of the highest possible profits while they have a party in power that will help them in doing so.

All these interests will, in case of Republican success, impetuously demand higher duties, and a Republican Congress will not refuse legislative favors asked by those whose financial aid has done so much to keep the Republican party in power. Republican success would therefore not mean a period of stability in our economic policy, but constant tariff tinkering in the direction of higher protective rates, with all the economic unrest which such a policy brings in its train.

To prognosticate the action of the Democrats with regard to the tariff in case they succeed in the national election is hardly more difficult. It must have struck every unprejudiced observer during Mr. CLEVELAND'S Presidency that the Democrats, then the administration party, conducted themselves, on the whole, as a very conservative body of men. Likewise during the last session of Congress, when they had an enormous and somewhat motley majority in the House of Representatives, that majority having been elected as a distinct and emphatic protest against the MCKINLEY act, the Democrats dealt with the tariff question, perhaps not in the wisest, but certainly not in a rash and reckless manner. They rather approached the subject with a certain halting timidity. The Democrats make no exception to the old experience that the responsibility attaching to the exercise of great political power is apt to turn a flaming radical into a cautious conservative. Moreover, the ordinary member of Congress is no hero in point of moral courage. However loud his professions of principle may be, compromise is his most congenial element, and he is always inclined to pay rather too much than too little regard to the private interests among his constituents that may urge themselves upon his attention.

We risk, therefore, little in expressing the opinion —the printed declaration in the Chicago platform notwithstanding—that Democratic success in the national election will not be followed by a precipitate sweeping away of the whole tariff, such as the Republicans so dolefully predict; not, perhaps, because the Republican Senate will be there to prevent it, but because the Democrats would not favor it even if they controlled all the branches of the national government. Instead of being too radical, it is rather to be apprehended that the Democrats will not be energetic enough in attacking the manifold abuses of our high protective system. They will probably not go farther than to put the articles which are commonly designated as raw materials upon the free list, to reduce the duties on the manufactured articles correspondingly, and to prevent by a proper removal of duties the formation or continuance of oppressive trusts. This will not be free trade; it will not be a tariff for revenue only; but it will only be a step in the right direction, and gradually lead to the adoption of a rational system.

CHOLERA AND OUR QUARANTINE.

THE ravages and spread of the cholera, the theme of thought and talk and dread in nearly the whole civilized world to-day, would almost make it seem as if the much-vaunted achievements of medical science in the prevention of disease had been overrated, and that, after all, the old stories of the plague might be entering upon a new and vivid rehearsal.

But when we look calmly at the situation, shorn of the lurid accessories for which a certain type of modern journalism is largely responsible, it will be seen that, aside from a few places in which barbaric lack of sanitation is reaping the harvest for which it has so heedlessly prepared the field, there seems to be but little actual danger that the dreaded disease will find any considerable general foothold.

The first great gain which we may count upon in staying the progress of the disease is that we know, beyond any possibility of doubt to-day, precisely what causes it, and just exactly what we must do to destroy and make harmless the noxious agent. To know that the infectious germs do not travel in the air, do not surround their victims with an intangible and deadly atmosphere, do not leap from place to place in some mysterious way, but are particulate bodies which can be studied and handled and killed, is to have banished superstition and nameless terrors from the problem, and put it upon a rational and tangible basis. The control of the cholera is simply a matter of sanitation and disinfection. That is, of putting exposed well people under such conditions that they will not be liable to come in contact with the disease germs, or be susceptible to them if by some mischance they do, and of destroying as fully as possible all the germs as soon as they may become freed from the bodies of those already stricken. If these two conditions can be fulfilled, Asiatic cholera will not spread. But their absolute fulfilment is our only guarantee of success.

The practical solution of the problem of limiting the spread of the disease falls happily into two very distinct lines, namely, those things which must be done by the health officials, and, not less important, those things which must and must not be done by the people. So far as the duties of health officers are concerned, they are clear and precise, and the degree of success which will attend their efforts will depend upon the intelligence and ceaseless vigilance which they bring to the service of their fellows.

Happily in this country there seems to be no doubt in the minds of the officials that cleanliness is now not only nearest to godliness, but is in some measure a sharer in its beneficent influences as a national safeguard. "In God we trust," but we are not unmindful of drains and dirt.

The maintenance of an efficient maritime quarantine, which is the most important wholesale protection of a country against the scourge, has at its base, it must be confessed, a principle which at first seems to savor not a little of the direct and bold application of the barbaric instinct of self-preservation at whatever cost, since the detention of infected ships with their passengers involves the principle that the few must, if necessary, suffer for the universal good.

But as we write, the great danger to individuals who are isolated in infected ships seems in a fair way for removal, at the port of New York at least, by their transfer from those ships to land, and their care in camps in which such perfect sanitation can be attained as is wholly impossible on a crowded ship. Modern maritime quarantine differs fundamentally from the simple and often dangerous detention of large groups of people who have been exposed to infection all together on a single ship, in that it provides for their separation into small groups, which are kept stringently apart, so that any outbreak in one group not only does not endanger the health of other groups, but does not at all tend to prolong the time of necessary detention of those isolated companies in which no such misfortune has occurred. Moreover, this removal of passengers from an infected ship, and this alone, renders possible an absolute and certain disinfection of the ship and its furnishings.

The necessary period of quarantine detention for ships varies greatly with the nature of the disease to be guarded against and the circumstances attending each particular ship. The tendency of modern sanitation is decidedly and properly towards allowing to health officials a considerable degree of discretion in deciding the matter, as circumstances may vary. Any serious tendency towards the making of inflexible rules in this particular is unfortunate, because it does not take into account the wholly rational and purposeful measures which may be adopted to make even an infected ship safe. If the responsible health officer at any port is intelligent and educated and experienced, and is endowed with good judgment, he may be safely trusted to largely make his own rules; and if he be not thus endowed he is by no means the proper person for a position so delicate and responsible, and involving such large interests both of life and property.

Many will suffer, and suffer keenly, before the difficulties of the time are over, from the inconvenience of detention and its inevitable associated dread, and perhaps peril. But with the adoption of a land quarantine and the grouping principle in isolation, whatever actual dangers are associated with detention of infected ships would be largely removed, and the average period of necessary quarantine very much shortened.

It would be well if we who are safe ashore realized a little more fully that those detained in quarantined ships are suffering at least annoyance and apprehension, and perhaps peril, not for their own sakes, but largely for ours.

So far as the actual duties of the people are concerned, it is fortunate that they are sufficiently important and urgent to secure attention to sanitary details among the intelligent, and to demand fulfilment under stress of official force among the ignorant and careless.

Such a scurrying of belated and negligent officials was never witnessed before in this country, and with every day in which the disease is successfully warded off the probability of its rigid control grows brighter should it in spite of official efforts find here and there a foothold.

Boards of health have liberally advised the people what individually and collectively they should and should not do while, going about their usual business, they await events, as well as in case of an invasion. So, on the whole, it seems highly probable that the achievements of modern preventive medicine are, after all, to be of avail in their beneficent suggestions.

There will be many lessons to be learned and cherished, whatever the outcome of the present stress may be. Whether these lessons are learned at the price of vigilance and intelligence alone on the part of all, or at the bitter cost of life and suffering, we may not surely say. But in whichever case it cannot be doubted that our country and the world will be cleaner, and, in health affairs, more wisely managed, in the years to come.

MR. HARRISON'S "MESSAGE."

THE letter in which Mr. HARRISON accepts the nomination of his party for re-election is not inaptly described by the chief Republican organ of the country as a "message." It consists in a review of the policy of the administration, a statement of the manner in which it has kept the pledges given four years ago, a not unnatural plea for so much stability as is to be got by a re-election, and an elaborate criticism of the purposes, policy, and tendencies of the opposing party. The nature of the ground that Mr. HARRISON has covered gives to his letter something of the official tone of a message. It has, at least in portions, the curious stiffness and the formality characteristic of the annual communications from the White House. But it has also much of the keenness of the political writer, the adroitness and, not to put too fine a point upon it, the "smartness" of the political editorial writer. So far as this is true, it is not to the credit of the author, but then it may be forgiven because it is not to his advantage. Though it might not be suspected from campaign literature, the American voter likes sincerity and di-

rectness, and does not like adroitness. He may admire or applaud it. He does not tend to trust the man who is capable of it. He has a rooted suspicion that it might just as easily be enlisted in the opposite cause.

The essential thing in Mr. HARRISON'S letter is not its style, which is not good, nor its spirit, which is uneven, sometimes very petty and sometimes honorable, but the indication it affords of the probable course he would adopt if re-elected, and of the probable course his party would require him to adopt. From this point of view we do not think that the letter is a strong one, because there is really nothing in it that is likely to reassure the class of voters who were alienated from the Republican party by the legislation of the Fifty-first Congress; or to bring back those who, having supported Mr. HARRISON in 1888, as a better reformer than Mr. CLEVELAND, now believe that they made a mistake; or to win to the Republican ticket the young men who vote for the first time in a Presidential election this year—always an important class. Mr. HARRISON'S attitude regarding the tariff law of 1890 is, in a sense, apologetic. He seems to recognize that it was not what the voters for the Republican party in 1888 expected, or what the great majority of all the voters in 1890 liked. He seeks to defend it. But is his defense effective? We confess it does not seem to us that it is. The MCKINLEY tariff was condemned in 1890 for very definite reasons. Probably the most influential was that it increased the cost of living for persons of moderate means by taxes on numerous articles of daily use. It is no answer to that to quote the Senate report as to "average" prices, and to add a mistaken statement about the cost of living in England. Another very important cause of discontent with the MCKINLEY tariff was its heavy duties on the materials of manufacture. To this Mr. HARRISON makes no reference, except a singularly misdirected appeal to the farmers based on the tax on wool, which is one of the most onerous, as in its origin it was one of the most discreditable, of all those imposed.

Again, Mr. HARRISON makes much of the "reciprocity" provision of the MCKINLEY tariff. That may save some votes, but will it win any? We think not, because the shrewd American common-sense is sure to see that, so far as reciprocity is effective, it is in direct opposition to the policy of impeding foreign trade, which is the essential policy of the MCKINLEY tariff. Will any considerable number of voters who distrust the purpose of the tariff vote for the party that enacted it because that purpose was abandoned to a not important extent by the reciprocity provision?

The treatment of the tariff is the really important feature of Mr. HARRISON'S letter, because the tariff is the one really important issue in the pending canvass, and on this he is not reassuring. The treatment of the silver question, though marked by some platitudes that may be evasive, or may be the result of simple ignorance, is, on the whole, satisfactory. The two candidates stand, as to this question, practically on the same ground, and the question will not, therefore, decide votes enough to be of any consequence. As to civil service reform, the President's utterances are entirely unworthy of his office. He would much better have ignored the subject. The small portion of truth in what he says makes the purport and the intention only too plainly misleading. Mr. HARRISON has not "carried out the pledges" of his party on this subject. Much less has he kept those which he made in his letter of acceptance four years ago. He has broken them systematically, continually, cynically. On that point he should have remembered that he was addressing voters who cannot be misled.

DOCTOR OF ARTS.

AT its last Commencement, Harvard University conferred upon Mr. RICHARD M. HUNT, the eminent architect, the degree of Doctor of Laws. It was, we believe, the first recognition by an American college of the noble profession to which Mr. HUNT belongs. Harvard's own great alumnus, RICHARDSON, adorned its grounds with some of the noblest monuments of our time, but it was reserved for Mr. HUNT, through its doctorate of laws, to bring architecture in among the learned professions.

It is an admirable departure that was thus made by the oldest university, and it ought to be the beginning of a larger and more liberal bestowal of scholastic honors. It was a long time before poets were thought worthy of the society of pundits; and when Paris bestowed its first masterships, and Bologna its first doctorates, the degrees were given to the men who were learned in theology or law or medicine. But the poets and other men of letters came in time to be known as worthy fellows of the practitioners, and teachers and painters have been decorated by universities as they have been knighted by royalty.

But why not distribute the honors with a more generous as well as a more discriminating mind? There is many a Doctor who is not learned, and there is many a man whose intellectual achievements are uncrowned by universities or colleges because he belongs to a profession that they have not noticed. It has been suggested, for example, that a degree should be bestowed on EDWIN BOOTH, and there would surely be great fitness in such a recognition of the great actor. A degree conferred upon him would mean something more than the perfunctory bestowal of an honor that is too often empty. It would mean the elevation of the standard of the institution granting the degree, and the recognition by a learned body of the place that the dramatic art has long held among learned and cultivated individuals. Yale has conferred the Master of Arts on JOSEPH JEFFERSON, a worthy honor worthily bestowed; but why cannot the actors have their Doctor as well as the architects theirs?

A difficulty would present itself as to the degree which would be appropriate. Mr. HUNT was made an LL.D. because that doctorate has come to represent learning in general. But why should there not be a doctorate of arts? It is true that "Master" ranked with "Doctor" in the thirteenth century, but time and hard facts have changed all that, and the mastership of arts may mean an honorary degree or a degree "in course," conferred upon its holder for continued and satisfactory study after graduation. Why should not Columbia create the degree of Doctor of Arts, and honor itself and the great actor by making EDWIN BOOTH its first recipient?

SIGNS AND PROSPECTS OF THE SUPERSESSION OF THE HORSE.

THERE seems to be a change in progress in the relations of the horse to contemporary American society. Probably he is quite as numerous in this country as he has ever been, but there are some reasons, superficial ones possibly, for thinking that his increase is not keeping up with the increase of the human population, and that if he does not become absolutely scarce, he is at least going to be a good deal scarcer relatively to American humans than he is now. There are getting to be more men to a horse, or fewer horses to a man (which comes to the same thing), or else we miss our guess and our signs fail. Of course the proportion of horse in society gets small anyhow as human population gets more dense. In China horses and cows have both been crowded out, and men, as is well known, do the horses' work, and babes by the thousand perish because of the scarcity of milkmen. It isn't that way with us yet. There is plenty of room and of food here still for all the horses that we want to use, and if the proportion is dwindling, or horses seem scarcer anywhere, it is not because of the competition of cheap two-legged labor. Neither is it from any decadence in the quality of the horse. He trots faster, runs faster, and jumps higher than he ever did before. The trouble is not with him, but lies in the nature of the competition that he has to meet. It does not begin to show yet in the rural districts, but it is conspicuous in the cities. Only a little while ago horses were the exclusive tractors of street cars. Now they have completely disappeared as street-car motors in some cities, and are in process of disappearance in all. The trolley and the cable have superseded them, and the probability is that motors still more efficient and less objectionable will keep them out. The street-car horse is as surely released as the stage-coach horse was when steam began to haul cars over iron rails.

The bicycle's competition is more human legs than equine ones, nevertheless the bicycle is crowding the horse too. It runs errands; it gives man exercise; it is swift, tame, is not afraid of the cars, and has no stomach. It does a thousand things that used to be done by men with horses. In the smaller cities it has come to divide the use of the busier streets with the trolley car, leaving room enough for careful drivers to squeeze a horse through here and there. The change in the appearance of the streets of such towns within four or five years is very striking. The comparative scarcity of horses is already so marked as to excite frequent comment, and it will not be any less noticeable when the bicycle-riders have had all the pavements adapted to the convenient use of their machines. By that time the storage battery will doubtless have been so perfected that it can be used to propel a pneumatic-tired vehicle of light construction, and timid women will be able to drive and shop and make calls in electric coupés without undue agitation of the nerves from unruly horses.

That the cab-horse and the cart-horse should presently be superseded as the car-horse has been is not so very improbable. Meanwhile it is mainly as an accessory to luxury and sport that the use of the animal seems to be growing. Vast and increasing attention is paid to the development of his beauty and his speed. There are more rich Americans than there ever were before, and they use more carriage-horses and riding-horses than the last generation dreamed of. So there are more race-tracks and races than there were, and naturally the catalogue of racers grows longer and more notable every year. The horse seems to be almost as much affected as man by the tendency of the age to make machinery do the heavy work, and to demand of living workers less of drudgery and more of the intelligent use of special abilities.

OUR WAGONWAYS.

IT will astonish a great many persons to learn what a crushing mass of iniquities and drawbacks to civilization may be logically piled up on the account of bad wagon-roads. A forcible movement is being pressed for a comprehensive exhibit at Chicago of everything which enters into road making and maintenance, and the persons who are contributing to the effort have gathered together some remarkable arguments to impress upon our countrymen the importance of improving our internal highways. The movement is called "an uprising against the bondage which is upon the people that are hampered by poor means of communication—a protest against a tax indirectly placed upon every article of consumption." The tendency of population toward the cities, the abandonment of farms, and even the modern development of "slums," are largely ascribed to bad roads, which are said to be worse and more numerous here than in any other civilized country. Bad roads, it is argued, cause schools and churches to be neglected, prevent social intercourse in the country, and make life in the rural districts cheerless, isolated, and narrow.

The movement now under way is aimed toward utilizing a part of the exposition-grounds at Chicago for a complete exhibit which shall show the people how to build and how to keep good roads, as well as teach them the almost vital need there is that we should all of us possess them. Very many of the implements and materials in use in road-building are included in the original classification of exhibits for the fair, and all are to be displayed there. But the movers for good roads say that the force of the display is greatly diluted, if not destroyed, by the manner in which it is to be made. It is to be scattered about in five buildings. In the Agricultural section will be shown methods of construction, machines and apparatus for road-making, samples of wood-paving, and the methods of treating wood to cause it to resist decay. In the Mining Building will be collected the stones, and stone mixtures or compounds, and the rock-crushers. Systems of drainage are classified for exhibition in the Transportation Building, while conduits, drains, sewers, bridges, working plans for paving and drainage, and the construction of roads and their maintenance, all belong to the department which exhibits in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.

It would seem that the exhibitions in the Agricultural and Liberal Arts buildings either conflict with or parallel one another, but this is not the case, as one deals with roads from the farmer's and the other from the engineer's point of view. Either might be elaborated to comprehend the entire scheme, but the exposition officials, while asserting that they fully recognize the importance of the subject, declare that this is not practicable. Those who are combining for an effective display insist that they should have a building especially devoted to it, but the reply to this is that there is no room for such a building in Jackson Park. It will be a great pity if this best of all opportunities to educate the public in this direction cannot be fully embraced. We may feel sure that if it is not, it will not be due to any lack of energy and ardor on the part of the present reformers. In that case we shall not be surprised to see road making and maintenance made the subject of a subsequent and especial exposition. The knowledge of what is lost by the neglect of our wagonways is daily extending, and with its spread is certain to come a more and more pressing demand for action that shall remove what is not merely a hinderance to progress, but a blot upon our national character.

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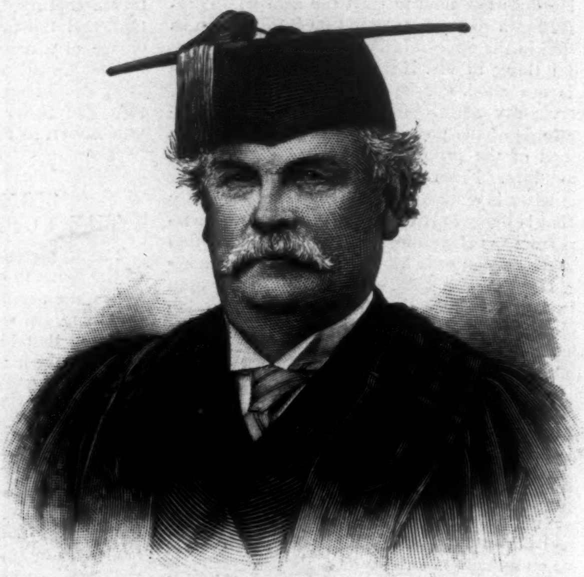
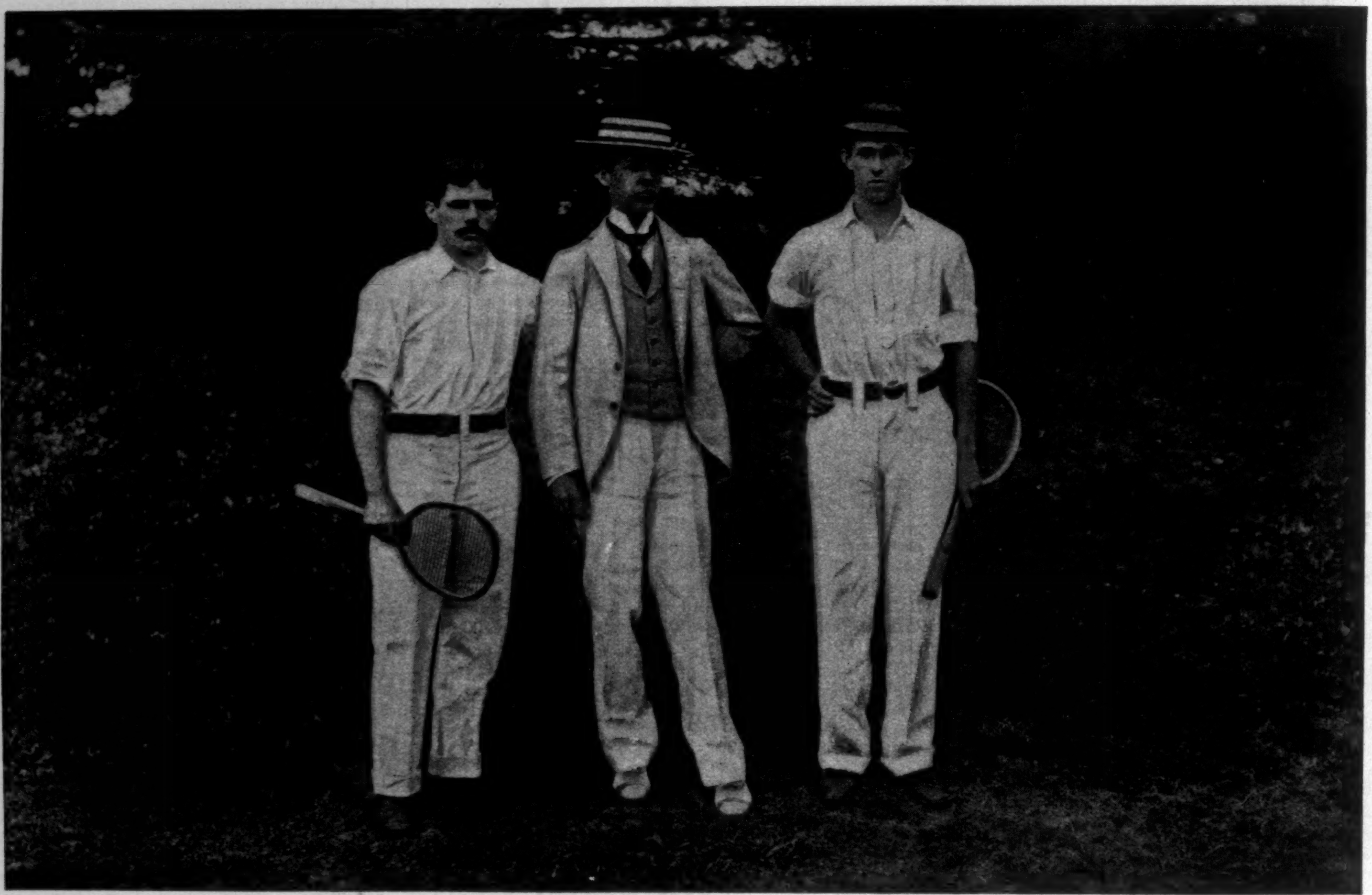


THE LATE GENERAL WILLIAM P. TROWBRIDGE. [SEE PAGE 895.]



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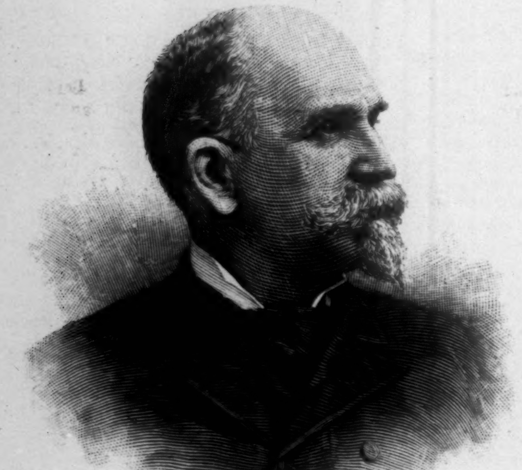


THE HON. LEVI K. FULLER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF VERMONT.—[SEE PAGE 910.]

WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.—[SEE PAGE 899.]

NOT OF ANNAPOLIS.

BY LUCILE LOVELL.

NO one, not even his stoutest admirer, the cook of his mess, could deny that Tom was very black. But what else was to be expected of a native of Barbadoes? Everybody knows that the Barbadian is the darkest of all West Indians; not bronze, not yellow, like tropic fruit; not red, like some of the men of Martinique, but the black of ebony polished by good usage. Your anthropologists and ethnologists would buttress reasons by incontrovertible tables, and show various causes for Barbadian Tom's satiny blackness of skin, but such matter would be out of place here. It is more to the point that Tom himself was quite indifferent to what by many may be considered a disadvantage of birth, and, happily for him, Stubbs the apprentice and the Jack-of-the-Dust of the stanch ship *Moosilauke* had no prejudice against color when it was united with pluck and good-nature. Tom had a reputation for both unsurpassed in naval record by admiral or impossible midshipman of literary creation.

And now he was dead—dear old mate!—and the ship was in mourning. Not his mess alone; in the wardroom he was mentioned regretfully. The Captain, who for twenty years had regarded the display of natural feeling as "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," sighed like a Daniel when told that Tom was no more. And the cadets—mighty men of one cruise in peaceful waters—unbent sufficiently to speak among themselves of the "poor old beggar." Still another tribute. Jack-of-the-Dust, otherwise known as Billy, solemnly averred that the navigator on hearing of Tom's demise had said that he would rather have heard of the death of the executive officer. It must be admitted, however, that Billy was something of a wag—and the chances of promotion in the navy *are* slow in making their appearance.

Truth to tell—and it may be told when a man's cold—Tom would have been little moved by these expressions of regard from his superiors. Upon more than one occasion he had shown his opinion of the Annapolis graduate in a way too sincere to be flattering. But his messmates! Ah, that was another matter! Could he have seen them clustered about his lifeless form, his *post-mortem* vanity—whose existence the Society of Psychical Research at least will not be disposed to question—would have been deeply gratified.

Sewn in snowy canvas, marked with his name and rate and date of death in big black letters, and bearing upon its upper surface a striking likeness of himself—lovingly executed by little Stubbs from memory, after the manner of the contestants for the *Prix de Rome*—and with lead enough in the sack to carry him to the very bottom of the blue tropic sea, Tom was ready for burial. And his friends were around him. There were Sam Woods and Bill Williams and old Slater—the cook was in the galley, thinking sadly of Tom's taste in rations—Billy, little Stubbs, and the boatswain's mate. From time to time they glanced at the hidden form of their late shipmate, commenting—all save the boatswain's mate, who had never been known to open his lips except to say Ay! ay!—upon his habits and character, discovering every moment additional reasons for admiration.

"Good 's a barom'ter," Sam Woods said. "Knowed ev'ry time a blow wuz comin' up, an' gen'rally got out ther way"—with a glance at little Stubbs, whose fingers were nimbler than his feet. "Never seed no trainin'-ship nuther, *Tom* didn't." Another glance at Stubbs.

"Thet Samoa bizness knocks *me*," said Bill Williams, tightening his lips and shaking his head.

"What about it?" asked Stubbs, not unwilling to turn attention from himself.

"Wall," Bill drawled, "Tom he'd been one cruise on ther *Trenton*, an' he'd made up his min' ter keep with thet squadron; but when she sailed for ther South Pacific, thar wuzn't no Tom ter be foun', an' the nex' we knowed he wuz on *our* flag-ship, an' ther frigate hed gone ter glory with her ban' a-playin' 'Star-spangle' Banner.' *He knowed.*" Every eye sought the canvas bag, as if expecting some corroboration of these words, but none was given, and Bill added, "Yer can't match thet in ther service."

A grunt of acquiescence went round the little circle, then Sam Woods said, "No more yer couldn't."

The boldly executed likeness now claimed the Jack-of-the-Dust's attention. "For better identification below?" he asked, with a grin. "I say, Stubbie, old fellow," he continued, "don't do it on me, please. I'd rather go uncalled-for at the day of judgment."

Stubbs was about to reply, when Sam Woods spoke: "Ther way he ketched thet little John Kelley a-mussin' wi' ther skipper's muc'lage wuz ther slickes'. Been goin' on fer days, an' nobuddy couldn't fin' out who done ther job. Nobuddy but Tom ketched on thet et wuz thet blame little monkey, 'n' he never give et away, but jes' got in an' hid in ther Cap'n's room, an' when he seen master John Kelley slide in an' make fer ther muc'lage, Tom he ketched him right roun' ther middle, an' near shook ther life out er him. Tom could 'a' hed anythin' in ther wardroom *thet* day."

"When did you first know him?" asked Stubbs.

"Afore ye wuz thought on," Bill Williams replied, pleasantly. "An' he'd been heard of afore thet."

Bill looked at Sam, and Sam looked at the boatswain's mate, who looked, in his turn, at old Slater, then all nodded in such unison and with so much energy that there could be no doubt that each had been struck at the same instant by the same thought. But no one spoke, and the apprentice and Jack-of-the-Dust were too wise to break the silence.

Night was falling. They were nearing Trinidad, and the *Moosilauke* was riding the mighty flood of the Orinoco. The breath of the great river was chill, and Stubbs thought of poor Tom's burial-place and shivered. "If it had happened before we left Guiana!" he said, regretfully. "The old chap hated cold water."

Then, for the first time since they had gathered together on the spar-deck, old Slater spoke. "He ain't thar; he's a-waitin' for us somewheres further on," he said, slowly. "But ef he wuz, et wouldn't make no diff'rence ter *him*. This ain't ther fust time he's been showed ther inside o' Davy Jones's locker."

"What!" cried Stubbs and Billy, in one voice.

"Et's a fac'!" old Slater replied. "I'll leave et ter Bill Williams here ef this is ther *fust* time Tom's died."

"Tell that to the marines!" said the Jack-of-the-Dust, promptly.

"Et *soun's* steep," Bill admitted. "But Slater knows what he's a-talkin' 'bout."

"Hev ye enny noshun how ol' Tom wuz?" questioned old Slater, acutely.

Stubbs replied that Tom might have been older than he looked.

"Ye've het et; he wuz older'n he looked." A peculiar smile played about old Slater's mouth as he continued: "Twenty years ago me an' Bill Williams wuz shipmates on ther ol' sloop o' war *Eclipse*, an' in this 'ere lat'tude we seen a sight we ain't never forgot, an' never won't. We'd lef' British Guiana expectin' ter put in a good time in Port o' Spain. We'd sighted the coas' o' Trinidad, an' wuz beginnin' ter feel this 'ere chill from ther big woods, an' ther flow o' ther Orinoker wuz in our ears as 'tis ter-night, fer ther great river 'd begun ter blacken ther blue o' ther sea with its dark brown water, an' wuz roarin' 'long as ef 'twuz glad on't. Et wuz a leetle earlier in ther day, mebbe; the sun hadn't a-went down, but stood up on his beam en' on ther horizin, big an' brassy an' shinin', an' me an' Bill here wuz a-watchin' of 'im, when a huge outlandisher slipt 'cross his burnin' face. 'Twuzn't more'n a minute, but we seen et plain, an' 'twuz all black—hull an' riggin'—an' then sun an' ship dropped down together inter ther pitch-black sea. Jes as they wuz goin' out o' sight, Bill he ketched a hol' o' me with one han', pointin' with ther other to ther sinkin' ship. 'Wha's thet on ther yard-arm?' sez he. I looked; a seaman hung thar, an' *he* wuz big an' black 'g'inst ther brass ball o' ther sun; an' then we didn't see no more. 'Wuz thet a *real* ship?' sez Bill ter me, in a shaky voice. I didn't make no answer, fer I felt queer. 'Poor feller!' sez Bill; then he stops short, fer somebuddy cries out, 'Look!—the mainmast!' We looked. Comin' down our mainmast, han' over han', as easy as ther best of us, wuz a black cat—ther bigges' an' blackes' I ever see. His eyes, two blazin' em'ral's, wuz a-lookin' straight at Bill here, an' up he comes ter whar we wuz standin' an' rubs up agin Bill's legs like as ef he knowed him well. Nobuddy hadn't never see Mr. Cat afore—"

"But—" Stubbs began.

"We didn't ask no silly babby questi'ns," old Slater said, fixing his eyes upon Stubbs. "Thar's some things as *can't* be explained, an' doubters never comes ter enny good."

The apprentice accepted the implied rebuke in silence, and the tale of the cat was continued.

"We took er great shine ter ther big black feller," old Slater resumed. "He wuz as full o' fun as 'n 'prentice, 'n' so deep we named him Dolliver, after ther Admiral o' the fleet, callin' of him 'Ol' Doll' fer short. He got ter be so pop'lar on ther *Eclipse* thet when me an' Bill wuz transferred ter ther *Bender* ther fellers locked him up, an' we couldn't fin' hide nor ha'r of 'im. This wuz at ther yard in New York. As ther *Eclipse* sailed fer Portsmouth yard ther day afore ther *Bender* wuz off fer her summer cruise ter Europe, we s'posed we'd said good-by ter 'im, but when we wuz off Sandy Hook me an' Bill wuz settin' 'bout whar we be now, an' who should come a-rubbin' roun' our legs but Ol' Doll!"

"How in—" began Stubbs.

Old Slater raised his voice slightly, and went on: "He become ther same pop'lar ol' party he'd been on ther *Eclipse* with all but one. Thatcher, our quarter-gunner, hadn't no use fer 'im, an' one day Bill he seen Ol' Doll a-flyin' over ther rail with lib'ral 'sistance from Thatcher. We done what we could, but a big sea wuz runnin', an' he couldn't seem ter ketch a-hol' o' ther ropes we flung 'im, an' we see Ol' Doll go down. Thar wuz moanin' on ther *Bender*, an' Thatcher he wuz sorry. But that wuzn't ther

stranges' part o' et. At Lisbon ther fust ter come over ther side o' ther *Bender* wuz Ol' Doll hisself, sleek an' shinin', an' his eyes a-blazin' like er sult'n's jew'ls."

"Come off!" said the Jack-of-the-Dust, frankly. "'Nother black cat, of course."

"I know et *soun's* er steep un," Bill Williams hastened to say. "But when I say I seen him *myself*, ye'll hev ter knock under."

"But *how* did he—"

"Thet we dunno *ourselves*," Bill replied, without waiting for Stubbs to complete his question.

"Cats has ways," old Slater remarked, sententiously.

"Thet's so," assented Bill.

The boatswain's mate and Sam Woods said nothing. Their gaze was fixed on the luminous southern sky.

"Seein' ther *Bender* wuzn't no place fer Doll," old Slater continued, "me an' Bill got transferred in Alexandry ter ther *Newberg*, an' took him 'long. Wall, one day ther wardroom steward seen Doll, an' near hed er fit. He wuz er half-breed, ol', 'bout er hundred then, 'n' yaller like er ripe bananner, but when he see Doll he got's green's ther ones ye see North, an' he sez, with er gasp, 'Whar'd *he* come from?' Now Bill he'd never got over ther ol' boy's myster'ous fust 'pearance, an' he never said er word, but I sez, 'What do *you* know 'bout Mr. Dolliver?' Ther wardroom steward he didn't answer. He bent down an' said somethin' in Hindoostanee in Doll's port ear, an' ye ought ter seen ther ol' knave jump."

"Do you know Hindoostanee?" Stubbs inquired, eagerly.

"Not much! United States 's good 'nuff fer *me*," replied old Slater, with some scorn.

"Then how do you know that it was Hindoostanee?" Stubbs asked, mildly.

"'Cause I didn't know *what* 'twuz," calmly responded the old seaman.

"Oh!" said Stubbs.

"When ther steward straightened up he sez to us, an' he wuz full o' airs 'n' importance, 'Thet feller's got er hist'ry, an' I knows et.' Me an' Bill wouldn't show no curios'ty, but he kep' on jes ther same. 'His name ain't Dolliver,' sez he, 'no more'n 'tis Jean-Marie, an' Père Labat, an' Gabou, an' Fafa, an' Yé, an' er thousan' other names. I hev heard o' him from my father, whose father tol' him, who hed et from his gran'father. *He wuz on ther Ville de Paris wi' ther Count de Grasse in* 1782, *an' after ther fight off St. Lucia, when Rodney licked ther Count out o' sight, Jean-Marie*—thet wuz his name *then—went ter England in ther English fleet!*'"

"When he'd finished, me 'n' Bill thought jes what Dusty's a-thinkin' now, but 'twuz straight 'nuff. 'Dolliver, Jean-Marie, Père Labat, Gabou, Fafa, Yé, an' a thousan' other names,' wuz never seed on ther *Newberg* after thet. Ther Hindoostanee of ther wardroom steward done ther bizness; ther ol' feller knowed he wuz fetched up standin'."

"And you've never seen him since?" Stubbs questioned.

"Time 'n' agin," old Slater replied. "Me an' Bill has renewed 'quaintance wi' him in near ev'ry port in ther world, 'n' alwus under a new name. But we respec's his feelin's; we don't make no blunder like thet 'ere wardroom steward; we don't let on thet we know his hist'ry till he's dead—*'parently*."

Stubbs jumped up; his eyes sought first the canvas bag, then old Slater's grave face. Suddenly his voice pierced the stillness, "Do you think—"

"Thet et's time we wuz a-lookin' after this shipmate o' ourn," drawled old Slater; and he would say no more.

Gently they lifted the canvas sack and bore it to the side of the *Moosilauke*. Then, at the command of old Slater, the surface of the water was suddenly broken; Sailor Tom had found his last resting-place.

"How long's er man er lan'-lubber?" Sam Woods questioned slyly as they left the ship's side.

"Long's he takes enny stock in Slater's yarns," Bill Williams answered, with a sidelong glance at Stubbs.

"I say, what had the black man-of-war and the black man hangin' to the yard-arm to do with it?" enquired the Jack-of-the-Dust of the man of many yarns.

Old Slater shifted his navy plug from his left to his right cheek. "Jes fillin' in, Dusty; thet's all; but we has ter do et," he replied, in the tone of an artist.

The boatswain's mate was silent. Stubbs continued to lean over the rail after his companions had left him. The spell of the magician was still upon him. An intense darkness lay upon the sea, but the ship's wake was a broad swirling river of fire, and on its long billowy waves, treading them as though he were no stranger to phosphorus, Stubbs saw him who had been so recently consigned to the great deep. Gone was the snowy canvas wrapping, and black and shining, his long tail as erect as the mast of a ship, his great eyes blazing like the emeralds they had been likened to, just where the trail was brightest, he followed swiftly after the ship. At a distance, out in the dark, strange lights danced; weirdly and slowly they wriggled up from the black water, and to Stubbs they looked like fantastic letters of flame forming familiar words—Dolliver, Jean-Marie, Père Labat, Gabou, Fafa, Yé. And larger and more luminous than these, made of a million tiny sparks, with many a serpentine twist in the first letter, was another and a better-known name—*Tom*. Suddenly the wave-treader disappeared beneath the fire-crested billows, the flaming letters vanished, and Stubbs saw them no more. He joined his companions, and took his place among them in silence. Old Slater's inscrutable countenance wore, if anything, an expression of expectation.

"Mr. Slater," said Stubbs, with twinkling eyes, "I can match that story of yours. Just now—"

"Thet 'll do!" interrupted the old man-of-war's man, imperiously. "One's 'nuff fer one watch."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

When the good ship *Confidence*, of London, England, John Jobson master, sailed for Boston, Massachusetts, on April 24, 1638, she bore among her passengers Thomas Whittier, a young man of eighteen, from Southampton, and John Rolfe, Anne his wife, and a daughter named Hester. Little is known of Thomas Whittier during the first seven or eight years after he landed in the New World. He married Ruth Green, a sister of Rolfe's (probably a half-sister), in 1645 or 1646, and settled at Salisbury, on the north shore of the Merrimac River, his land lying on the Powow River, where a hill still bears his name. He afterwards removed to Newbury, and in 1648 to Haverhill, to which place the town records say he brought a hive of bees. Three years later he was one of a committee to lay out the bounds of the plantation, and in the following year he was one of a number of petitioners in Haverhill and other towns in Merrimac Valley who interceded for the pardon of Lieutenant Robert Pike, who had been subjected to a heavy fine for daring to question the justice of an order of the General Court prohibiting Joseph Peaseley and Thomas Macy, who afterwards declared themselves Quakers, from exhorting on the Lord's day. Not a Quaker himself, for he remained in fellowship with the church in Haverhill, Thomas Whittier was nevertheless so stanch a believer in their peaceful tenets that while his neighbors during the Indian wars shut themselves up in fortified places to sleep, he left his house unguarded with palisades and undefended with arms. He was often visited by the Indians, whom he always treated hospitably, and at night the family heard them moving around the house, and saw their grim faces peering in at them through the windows. He built himself a log house in the eastern part of the town, and after living there a long time, erected another at a distance of about half a mile, a large and solidly framed building, which was two stories in front, the roof sloping down to a single story in the rear, and which has ever since been the homestead of the Whittiers. Thomas Whittier died at the age of seventy-six, leaving his wife Ruth, who survived him for fourteen years, and ten children, the eldest son of whom, John, administered upon the estate. The youngest child, Joseph, who was born in 1669, married in his twenty-fifth year Mary, a daughter of the Joseph Peaseley who has already been mentioned, and from whom the Quaker element in the family was derived. He died at the age of seventy, leaving nine children, the youngest of whom (who was also a Joseph) married Sarah Greenleaf, of Newbury, and died at the age of eighty, leaving eleven children, the tenth of whom, John, married in his forty-fourth year Abigail Hussey, of Somersworth, New Hampshire, and became the father of another John, who was born on December 17, 1807. Such, in brief, was the ancestry of John Greenleaf Whittier.

The childhood of the poet, who was the second of four children, resembled that of most young people in the same walk of life in New England in the first decade of the century. The Whittiers, though not poorer, perhaps, than the majority of their neighbors, were far from being a well-to-do family. They were hard-working and frugal, earning enough, no doubt, to make both ends meet, but laying up nothing for the inevitable rainy day. John was sent to school in his seventh and eighth years; but he could not have learned much there, for generally there was but one school term in the year, which lasted only three months, and the teachers, particularly of the private schools for young children, were often women—young misses who had themselves acquired only the rudiments of an education, or elderly widows with whom the tuitionary farming of the little ones was a precarious and disagreeable means of livelihood. Books among the rustic folk of that day there were next to none. They had the Bible, of course, the Farmer's Almanac, and Webster's Speller, with its rude wood-cuts and its board covers, but little else. The Whittier library, which did not amount to more than twenty volumes, consisted chiefly of religious journals and memoirs of distinguished members of the sect, Barclay, Fox, and that much-read and well-thumbed book the *Journal of John Woodman*. There was among them one poem (so called), "The Davideis" of Ellwood, the Quaker friend of Milton, but it was dreary stuff, as Master John found when he tried to read it. As soon as he was old enough to be useful the boy was set to work on the farm and to doing errands for his mother, who, besides attending to her household duties, busied herself in spinning and weaving the woollen cloth that was needed for the family. On First days the father and mother rode eight miles to the Friends' Meeting-house in Amesbury. Occasionally one of the children went with them, but it was seldom John, who enjoyed staying at home to wander in the woods and climb the hills. Like his brother poet Bryant, who was thirteen years his elder, he was fond of out-door life, and, like him, was a diligent student of nature. Among those who visited the Whittier homestead was a "pawky auld carle" of a Scotchman, who ate the bread and cheese which were placed before him, and which he washed down with a mug of cider, and who, as a return for the same, sang, in a rich, full voice, "Bonny Doon," "Highland Mary," and "Auld Lang-Syne." When John was fourteen, his first school-master, Joshua Coffin, brought to the house a volume of Burns's poems, from which he read, greatly to the lad's delight. He begged him to leave the book with him, and set himself at once to the task of mastering the glossary of the Scottish dialect at its close. It was the first poetry that he had ever read, and it exercised so strong an influence over him that he began to rhyme and to imagine stories and adventures.

When he was about nineteen a young man named Garrison, a native of Newburyport, where he had served his apprenticeship as a compositor, started a paper on his own account, the *Free Press*, to which the family subscribed. It was in the poets' corner of this paper that his verse first saw the light. He was so overjoyed when he read himself in print that he was rooted to the ground (he was mending fences at the time), and had to be called several times before he was fully awake to this dull work-a-day world. One summer day not long afterward a carriage drove up to the house, and a young man alighting asked for Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier. He was sent for, and slipping in by the back door, barefooted, and without coat or waistcoat, he made himself presentable and appeared. The visitor was the editor of the *Free Press*, William Lloyd Garrison, to whom his elder sister had divulged the secret of the authorship of his verses, and who, being a great lover of poetry, had come to pay his respects to the new poet. What passed between Whittier and Garrison that summer day sixty years ago, and between the pair and the parents of Whittier, can only be conjectured now. That they were made to see there was a future for their boy may be inferred from the fact that before a year was over he was sent to an academy which was opened in Haverhill. His reading, scanty as it had been, had impressed him with the necessity of having a better education than he had received, and his determination to possess it led him to learn the mysteries of shoe-making. He became sufficiently proficient therein to pay for a new suit of clothes, and to lay up enough to pay his board and six months' tuition; and thus equipped he went to Haverhill and began his studies, to which, besides the ordinary English branches, he added lessons in French. He boarded in the family of the editor and publisher of the Haverhill *Gazette*, to which, as might have been expected, he became a constant contributor.

If there be, as the poet declares, a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may, the divinity that shaped the rough-hewn ends of Whittier was the power that presides over the printing-press. If his circumstances had been more favorable, he might have devoted himself to poetry, as Longfellow did, but being what they were, he was constrained to submit to them, whether he would or no. They compelled him to become a journalist, and they chained him to journalism for years. His first literary employment after quitting Haverhill was as the editor of the *American Manufacturer*, a paper published in Boston, and advocating protection to home industry. His next employment was on the Haverhill *Gazette*, of which he was the editor for the first six months of 1830. He was now in his twenty-third year, and was fairly well known through his poems in the *Yankee*, which was published in Portland, Maine, and his contributions in prose and verse in the *New England Weekly Review*, which was published in Hartford, Connecticut. This last periodical was edited by George D. Prentice, who thought highly of his talents, and who, on proceeding to Kentucky in the summer of 1830 in order to write a life of Henry Clay, recommended him as his successor. "I have made some enemies," he wrote, "among those whose good opinion I value, but no rational man can ever be the enemy of Mr Whittier." During the year and a half that he remained in charge of the *New England Weekly Review* he discovered the direction in which his talents fitted him to excel, and laid the foundation of his future reputation. He was as proud of New England as Burns of Scotland, and what it was and had been was the chief source of his inspiration. His nationality was visible in all that he wrote—tentatively in his contributions to the journal he edited, and positively in his first collection, *New England Legends in Prose and Verse* (1831), and in his first poem of any length, "Moll Pitcher" (1832). He was strongly drawn to the past of his native land, now as it was recorded in history, and now as it was handed down by tradition. The Indians appealed to his sympathy, as they appealed to the sympathy of Bryant, but differently and less poetically; for while they were merely shadows against the background of Bryant's verse, they were prominent figures in the foreground of his verse—dark, repellent, horrible.

Not long after the death of his father, in the summer of 1831, Whittier returned to Haverhill and worked the farm, taking his place in the field with the hired hands, and driving his team in the autumn days to Rock Bridge, the head of the tide-water in the Merrimac, to exchange his apples and vegetables for salt fish with the coasting vessels from Maine. He still wielded the pen, and was connected during the next eight years with several journals, writing for the *New England Magazine* of Buckminster, for Garrison's *Liberator*, and for the Haverhill *Gazette*. The poet within him was subordinate to the man at this period, and the man was dominated by morals. Gifted with the poetic temperament, he never allowed it to govern his life, which was an ascetic one, nor to corrupt his mind, which was steadfast in its devotion to truth. Puritan and Quaker, he narrowed the exercise of his powers within the straight path of duty. There was a great evil in the land, and it was his duty to bear testimony against it. The evil was slavery, and he testified against it in season and out of season, striking hands with Garrison, who was its most outspoken and determined adversary, and with his little band of disciples, who were not only despised and rejected of men, but who literally took their lives in their hands whenever they ventured to exercise the rights of freemen and speak against it in public. His first publication after his return to Haverhill was an elaborate pamphlet entitled "Justice and Expediency; or, Slavery considered with a View to its Rightful and Effectual Remedy, Abolition." In the same year (1833) he was a delegate to and one of the secretaries of the National Antislavery Convention held at Philadelphia, and in the following spring he was corresponding secretary of an antislavery society in Haverhill. These societies, which were not confined to Pennsylvania or Massachusetts, were opposed by the people among whom they were established—so strongly opposed, indeed, in the poet's own town that in the summer of the ensuing year the meeting of the society was broken up by a mob, and the chief speaker, the Rev. Samuel I. May, was with difficulty rescued from the rioters by the younger sister of Whittier and another young lady, who were rudely jostled by their irate townsmen. Whittier, who was not at home at the time, barely escaped with his life in Plymouth, New Hampshire, whither he had gone with George Thompson, the English abolitionist; and not long after he saw his friend Garrison in the hands of a mob in the streets of Boston with a rope round his neck. He was rescued by the police, and driven for safety to the Seventh Street jail, where he was visited in his cell by Whittier and May.

The abolitionists were not crushed out by popular clamor, nor was their Quaker Tyrtæus dismayed. He pursued the even tenor of his way by the publication of "Mogg Megone" (1836), which was not without merit as a contribution to the Indian element in American verse, and he wrote scores of antislavery lyrics, in which indignation was more marked than inspiration. He figured among journalists in the latter part of 1837, in the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, of which he soon became the editor. The paper was offensive to the proslavery citizens of Philadelphia, and the May meeting of the leading abolitionists of the country in the building in which it was published, Pennsylvania Hall, was the signal for a riot. It lasted two days, beginning with hissing and catcalling within and yelling and smashing windows without, and ending with an attack upon the building, the doors of which were forced, and the contents, books, papers, and other combustible materials, were set on fire. The office of Whittier, which was in the basement, was sacked as well as burned, and all his personal property was consumed. It was a heavy penalty to pay for the expression of free opinion in a free country. But he paid it without a murmur, comforted by the consciousness of duty performed, and sustained by the certainty of the triumph of the principles for which he contended. His paper might be destroyed, but while he lived the voice of freedom should be heard.

The youth and manhood of Whittier were not such as one would select for the making and shaping of a poet. For the poet, beyond all other men, seems to thrive best when he is least called upon to struggle, and to put forth the choicest growths of his genius in a life of ease and meditation. But there are poets and poets, and while some, like Tennyson and Longfellow, bourgeon and ripen only in the garden of prosperity and the sunlight of popular favor, others, like Burns and Byron and Shelley, are nurtured and developed in adversity and contention. To this last class belonged Whittier, with whom poetry was the natural expression of his genius, and who owed less to art than any of his contemporaries. He followed the command of Sidney's Muse, and looked in his heart and wrote.

The life of Whittier, which has exceeded that of most poets, contains little in the shape of personal adventure that is likely to interest the future biographer. Beginning with journalism in political and moral lines, it continued in the same lines, which broadened at last in the direction of literature. For after he returned from Philadelphia, in his thirty-third year, and settled at Amesbury, whither the

family had moved from Haverhill, though he stinted not in his contributions to antislavery journals, he may be said to have become a man of letters. Reading his works in the order in which they were written, starting, say, with his legends of New England, "Moll Pitcher" and "Mogg Megone," and following with his poems chiefly relating to slavery, and his ballads, both of which were published in 1838, we see that his mind had widened as the years went on, that his artistic touch had grown finer as well as firmer, and that the divine quality which we feel to be poetry was manifested more and more. He had not yet ceased to be a moralist, but he had invested himself in the singing robes of the poet.

Before he accepted the editorial chair of the *Pennsylvania Freeman* he had begun to write for the *Democratic Review*, and during his occupancy of that thorny seat he sent to it a number of his finest poems. They gained him a more literary audience than he had hitherto had, and carried his name where it would not otherwise have gone. From his contributions to this periodical, which extended from the autumn of 1837 to the spring of 1846, and to two or three other periodicals and journals, he drew the materials for his next collection, *Lays of my Home, and Other Poems* (1843), which at once gave him a place among the poets of America. That he was a poet had long been acknowledged, though somewhat grudgingly, no doubt, so unpopular were the subjects upon which he had elected to write; but precisely what kind of a poet he was remained to be decided. It was decided by this volume, which, to those who could interpret it, was a revelation of new elements in American verse—the aboriginal element, out of which so many of our versifiers had unsuccessfully attempted to mould epics, Zamoydens, Powhatans, and what not; the legendary element, out of which Whittier was the first to perceive the significance and value; and the ethical element, which colored the poetry of Bryant, whose genius was largely meditative, and oppressed the poetry of Longfellow, who at this period was nothing if not didactic. To these should be added the element of natural description, which was more prominent than in the poetry of Bryant, and was mostly of a local character. His love of nature was not less, nor less exact, than Bryant's, but it was chiefly confined to places which were endeared to him by early associations. He loved to paint the scenes with which he had been familiar from childhood—the fields in which he had played, the hills whereon he had climbed, the woods through which he had wandered in search of wild flowers. Newbury, Haverhill, Amesbury, were to him what Tempe and the vales of Arcady had been to the pastoral poets of Greece; and what the Ayr had been to Burns, the Tweed to Scott, and the Wye to Wordsworth, was the Merrimac, as it lapsed along the Pemigewasset Valley and the meadows of Concord, and mirrored the sky in its shining and winding reaches.

The characteristics of Whittier's poetry were as marked in this volume, which was published in his thirty-sixth year, as in all that he wrote in the long and prolific years that followed. He never surpassed its balladry, of which "The Norseman," "Cassandra Southwick," and "St. John" were good examples, though some of his later ballads, as "Barclay of Ury," and the "Angels of Buena Vista" (1847), "Calef in Boston" (1849), and "Maud Muller" (1854), were more highly thought of. Akin to these productions was a class of subjects which depended for their success upon the elements that underlie historic and dramatic writing. They were historic in that they dealt with personages who have left a name upon the records of past times, and dramatic in that they sought to revive their personality, as it lightened or darkened through their actions or separated them from their race, of whom they were benefactors or scourges. Belonging to this class are "Miriam," "The Vision of Echard," and "The King's Missive," and such representative poems as "Randolph of Roanoke," "Elilot," "Ichabod," "Tauler," "Burns," and "Sumner." The art of Whittier in these illustrations of poetic portraiture is the art of Reynolds or Velasquez. The poems in which the homely power of his genius is most strongly marked are his "Songs of Labor," and the poem upon which his reputation most surely rests is "Snow-bound." It is at once autobiographic and national—autobiographic in that it is a faithful delineation of himself and the different members of his family, and national in that it is a vivid picture of winter life in the New England of olden times. If there is anything in British song with which it can be compared, it is "The Cotter's Saturday Night," which is perfect of its kind, though devoid of the poetic grace which is the charm of this sweetest of all American idyls.

R. H. Stoddard.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

Daniel Dougherty was a self-made man, famous as an orator, successful as a lawyer, and honored and esteemed as a citizen. He rose from a humble position to a prominence that few attain, and in his native city of Philadelphia gained a reputation that was international. Daniel Dougherty, an American by birth and also on his mother's side, was born in Philadelphia October 15, 1826. His father was an Irishman, who came to this country to seek his fortune, and settling down in Philadelphia, married a girl of that city. Daniel Dougherty was the first child of this marriage, and while young lost his mother. Shortly after this his father married again, and the young boy left his home and began to fight his own battles. He had received some slight education at a public school in Chester, and later on at a Quaker school in Philadelphia, but his learning was due mainly to his own efforts. So pronounced a student was he that he drifted from place to place as office and errand boy because his employers objected to his studious habits, which interfered with business. His father meantime had gained a competence, but Daniel declined to share any of his money, and after the death of the elder Dougherty accepted only a guinea, which he had made into a ring.

At the age of eighteen Daniel Dougherty had fitted himself, after a hard struggle, to fill the position of a law clerk, and in this capacity entered the firm of William and Samuel Badger. When only twenty he began to make speeches of a political nature, and his eloquence was widely recognized by the time he was admitted to the bar, in 1849. His first effort in court was made in behalf of a prisoner in a homicide case, and his oratory prevailed upon the jury to bring in a favorable verdict. This was some time after his maiden speech, of which he often spoke in later years. This first effort was made at a Democratic meeting, and the young man had prepared a finished oration; but the speaker that preceded him touched upon all the points he had prepared, and left his work useless, so he started an extemporaneous speech, and began, "Fellow-citizens,—The American eagle which soars on high above the stars and stripes—" At this point he couldn't think of what he wanted to say next, so he began again, and once more halted at the same place. "The American eagle which soars on high" had been referred to several times by the perplexed young orator, when a man in the crowd cried, "Let that one soar, and send up another one." Daniel Dougherty, according to the story, did so, amid much applause; but he said he never remembered how he finished his speech on that memorable evening.

After winning his first suit by his forceful eloquence, Daniel Dougherty obtained a good practice, which increased as the years passed on. His fame as an orator also grew, and he exerted himself on behalf of the Democratic party, speaking for the party candidates throughout the State. He was not a politician, however, accepting no favors or office from the men in power. Although a stanch Democrat, he placed patriotism before party, and was a pronounced Union man, casting partisan feeling to the winds when the war broke out. The leader of the Douglas party in 1860 in Philadelphia, but opposed to the Breckinridge branch, he nevertheless was one of the committee to welcome Mr. Lincoln to the city a year later, and joined with the President's party in upholding the Union. After the war he devoted himself to his profession for several years; but in 1880 he came prominently before the country by making the speech nominating General Hancock for the Presidency, and in 1888 he placed Mr. Cleveland in nomination. About four years ago Mr. Dougherty came to New York, where he engaged in the practice of his profession, still regarding Philadelphia as his home. It was rather late in life for him to make a change, and he made no prominent success, although in 1887 he conducted the defence of one of the "boodle Aldermen," and was much talked of. His last illness was a long one, dating from June 20th, and on September 5th he died at his home in Philadelphia, surrounded by his wife and children.

It was as an orator that Mr. Dougherty was best known, and his eloquence gained for him the appellation of "the silver-tongued." An oration of his delivered thirty years ago, on the "Future of the Republic," received commendation from Bulwer on the floor of the House of Commons. It was not his language alone that held his audience enthralled; it was his dramatic manner and feeling. Had he chosen to go upon the stage, he would doubtless have achieved success as an actor. He strove for effect, for dramatic climax, and studying with that end in view, he managed by his consummate art to produce the idea of spontaneity, carrying his audience with him. His voice was sweet and powerful, and he did not confine himself to making people laugh; he always had something to say, and he said it in such a manner that people would listen to him. He had the Irish sense of humor well developed, and could easily move his hearers to laughter; but humor with him was a means and not an end. The most famous lectures of his are those on "Oratory" and "The Stage." Mr. Dougherty was an ardent Roman Catholic, and he frequently spoke and wrote in defence of his religion. A recent honor conferred upon him was the presentation of the Latare medal by the Notre Dame University of Indiana. This medal can be given only with the permission of the Pope, and is one of the highest honors that can be bestowed upon a Roman Catholic layman in this country. A large number of prominent Roman Catholics attended the presentation of the medal, which was given as a token of the esteem and honor in which Mr. Dougherty was held by his fellow-churchmen. With actors Mr. Dougherty was a great favorite, and John McCullough and Edwin Forrest were numbered among his friends. The latter made him one of the executors of his will, and at his death Mr. Dougherty was a trustee of the Forrest Home, on the outskirts of Philadelphia. Mr. Dougherty leaves a wife, whom he married in 1853, and six children, four of whom are sons. From his obscure, humble beginning Mr. Dougherty rose to be a prominent figure in Philadelphia society. He was well received by all, and numbered among his friends the leading men of his native city, who feel deeply his loss.

WHITTIER.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1892.

His fourscore years and five
  Are gone, like a tale that is told.
The quick tears start, there's an ache at the heart,
  For we never thought him old.

Straight as a mountain pine,
  With the mountain eagle's eye,
With the hand-clasp strong, and the unhushed song,
  Was it time for him to die?

Prophet and priest he stood
  In the storm of embattled years;
The broken chain was his harp's refrain,
  And the peace that is balm for tears.

The hills and the valleys knew
  The poet who kept their tryst.
To our common life and our daily strife
  He brought the blessing of Christ.

And we never thought him old,
  Though his locks were white as snow.
O heart of gold, grown suddenly cold,
  It was not time to go!

Margaret E. Sangster.

WILLIAM PETIT TROWBRIDGE.

General William Petit Trowbridge, Professor of Engineering of the School of Mines, Columbia College, died suddenly in New Haven on August 12th. He was born in Oakland County, Michigan, May 25, 1828, and passed a life of activity and honor. Being appointed as a cadet at the West Point Military Academy when sixteen years of age, he proved his thoroughness and aptitude for study by graduating four years later at the head of his class. He received the rank of Second Lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, and remained two years longer at the academy preparing for service in the Coast Survey. After entering upon active duty he was engaged in many important works connected with the department, and also made astronomical, tidal, and magnetic observations on the Pacific coast. He was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant in 1854, and two years later resigned his commission to fill the post of Professor of Mathematics in the University of Michigan. This position he held one year, returning to the Coast Survey as scientific secretary to the superintendent. In 1861 he again entered the Engineer Corps, and remained in charge of the Engineer Department in New York city until the close of the war, when he finally retired from the army. After four years' connection with the Novelty Iron-Works he was elected Professor of Dynamical Engineering in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. While occupying this position he was Adjutant-General of the State of Connecticut, and also connected with several important State works. In 1877 he took charge of the Engineering Department of the School of Mines, Columbia College, which position he filled until his death. General Trowbridge was a man of great ability and learning, and at all times actively engaged in scientific pursuits, and a member of the National Academy of Sciences. He was a well-known contributor to many scientific journals, and it is said that he was the first engineer to suggest the idea of the cantilever bridge. Three daughters and three sons survive him, the eldest son having been his associate at Columbia College. General Trowbridge's death was very sudden, due to heart-failure, while at his home in New Haven.

SEVEN FAMOUS RACING YACHTS.

This has been a schooner year. For the first time since the famous ocean races between *Dauntless* and *Cambria* in '70 for $1200 cup, and *Dauntless* and *Coronet* in '87 for $10,000, the two-stickers have commanded some attention during the season which is closing this week in very lively fashion. Nor has the lack of interest in this direction been attributable to a poor representation, for, with only two exceptions, the schooners that have comprised the racing class are either veterans of more or less experience, or sloops that have won a reputation as single-stickers before being altered.

In the early days of American yachting the two-sticker occupied the place of honor, very likely because the old schooner *America* was the first in '51 to bring the international cup to this side, where it has since remained. For the last half-dozen years, however, the sloop has completely absorbed not only general attention, but that of racing yachtsmen as well. Probably the fact that sloops had run the gamut of popular fancy was the cause this season of more attention being given schooners. Certainly the single-sticker class has been well filled. First it was 90-footers, then 70, 40, 30, and now the 46-footers are the vogue.

In the mean time a class of freaks, known as 21-footers and 25-raters, is being experimented with, which may lead to the building of other racers of yet another class; and the end is not yet.

The two new schooners of the year are *Lasca* and *Alcæa*, both 90's, the former a steel centre board, owned by John E. Brooks, and designed by A. Cary Smith; the latter a Gardner keel production, owned by Clark Brothers, and a curious-looking boat with her present rigging. The *Lasca* has beaten *Alcæa* every time they have met, and it looks as if she had a great future.

The *Merlin*, a Burgess ninety, was launched in '89, and has been racing with great credit to her owner ever since. This year she won the Goelet Cup at Newport.

The *Volunteer* has not been in commission this season, which is to be regretted, as she showed last year she was very fast as a schooner. She is the old sloop *Volunteer*, the *America's* Cup defender in '87, turned into a two-sticker.

The Burgess 80-footer *Marguerite*, owned by R. S. Palmer, is one of the prettiest schooners afloat, and is always handled in a workmanlike manner. She was launched in '88, and has a good record, though especially so this last season.

Ralph N. Ellis's 80-footer *Iroquois* and Caldwell Colt's 116-foot *Dauntless* are produced here not that they are alone noteworthy racers, but two of the most remarkable boats on American waters. The *Dauntless* was launched in '66 as the *L'Hirondelle*. She has raced across the Atlantic several times, and crossed the ocean nearly as many times as all the other pleasure yachts together. She holds the record, I believe, for the greatest number of miles made in one day as well as several distance records. She has always been on the go; and this season, although not of a racing model, seemed to have renewed her youth, winning several runs on the N. Y. Y. C. cruise.

Iroquois, designed by A. Cary Smith and launched in '86, is probably the stanchest, most seaworthy boat of her size afloat. Built for a cruiser, she nevertheless has won and does win every year from racers. She was out in the blizzard that struck this part of the country in '88, and behaved beautifully.

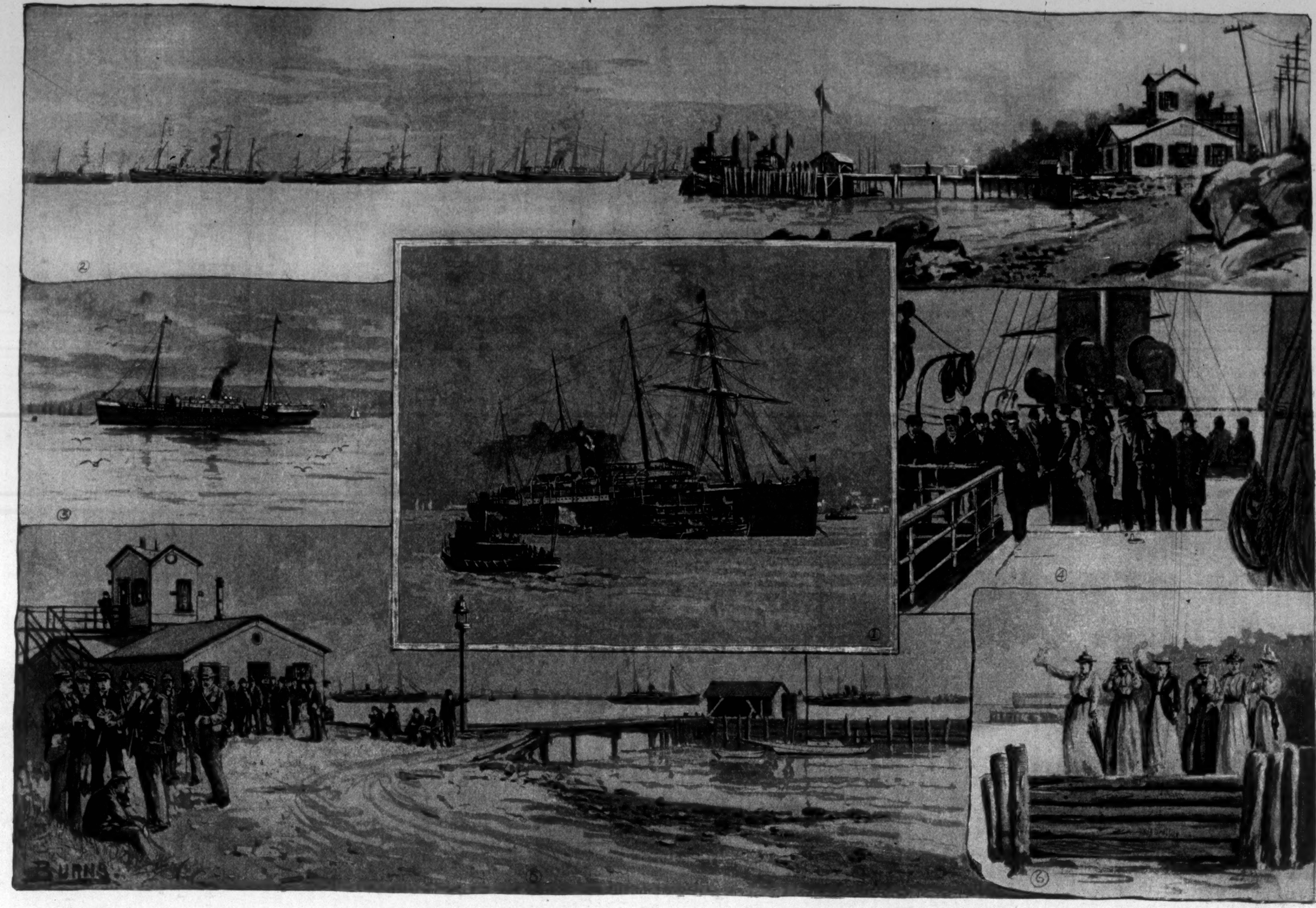
There are several other schooners worthy of mention—*Mayflower*, *Constellation*, *Quickstep*, *Shamrock*. But I have already been obliged to crowd in here what would comfortably fill two columns, and have not a line left.

PERSONAL.

Marie Corelli, the authoress, writes to a friend in New York, saying: "I shall be very glad if you will contradict the erroneous reports that circulate in the American press about me. All I want said is that I am not the daughter, but the adopted daughter, of Charles Mackay, and that my legal name is Marie Corelli."

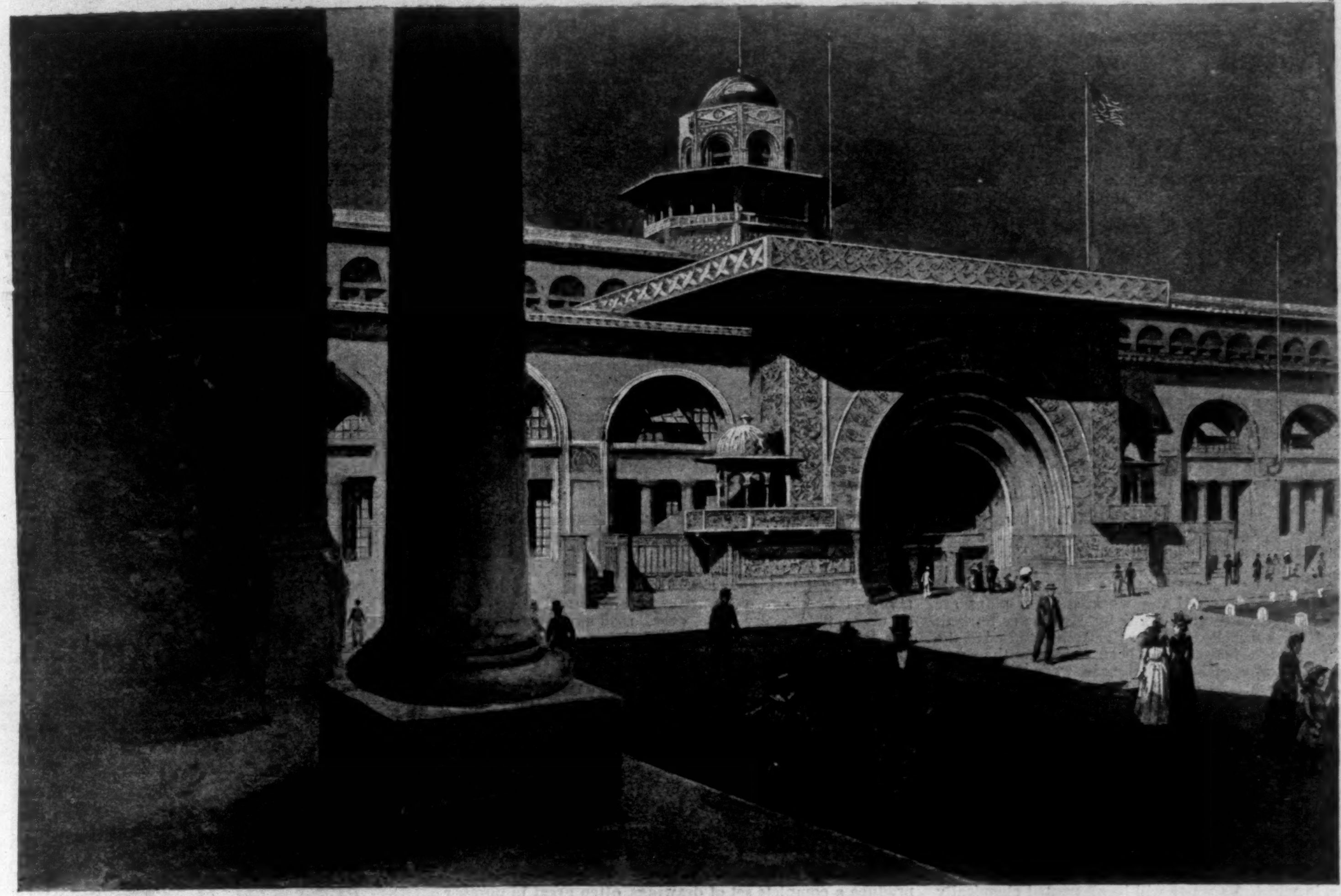
—In connection with the opening of the United States Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island, on September 1st, and the assignment thereto of a corps of lecturers, it seems fitting to call attention to the promptness displayed by the contractors and all others connected with the prosecution of the work. The college building has been erected and furnished within the amount of the original appropriation. The first sod was turned September 14, 1891. The contract for the building stipulated that it should be completed by September 1, 1892. The building was finished and the final certificate issued by the architects, Messrs. George C. Mason & Son, and accepted by the government, May 28, 1892. No hitches or misunderstandings occurred during the progress of the works, nor were any changes or alterations called for. The college opens under most favorable auspices with a building erected expressly for its uses and in conformity with its needs, and so placed that future enlargements, if required, can be made without injury to the present structure.

—John Howells, the son of William D. Howells, has been admitted to the École des Beaux-Arts at Paris on his first examination and without any conditions. He is the only American who passed in that way at this year's examination.



AT THE QUARANTINE STATION, NEW YORK HARBOR.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 906.]

1. Transfer of the Steerage Passengers to Hoffman Island. 2. Detained off Quarantine, Staten Island. 3. The Death-Ship *Moravia*. 4. Passengers waiting for the Doctors. 5. Reporters talk with the Doctor. 6. Friends of the detained Passengers signalling from Shore.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE GOLDEN DOORWAY—MAIN ENTRANCE TO TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.—[SEE PAGE 899.]

BUILDING OUR GREAT FAIR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IT is not true that the grounds of our Columbian Exposition in Jackson Park, Chicago, have for months been more interesting than they will be when the fair is thrown open to the world. And yet they have presented a fascinating study during all the stages of the preparation for the great display, a scene so peculiar that no public exhibition except the completed fair can exceed it in interest. To have been there and to have watched the construction of the exhibition palaces is to have enjoyed a great surprise and a unique pleasure. The three thousand spectators on week-days and the ten thousand who have paid their quarter-dollars at the gates on Sundays will alone be able to boast, when they see the Columbian show itself, that they have enjoyed the full spectacle. They will have seen the earliest and most peculiar exhibit—the mode and progress of construction. It will not dwarf the aggregation of exhibits, but it pales every single one or dozen of them.

It is the custom of the persons concerned in the work to refer back to the time when not a spade had been thrust in the surface of the fair-ground, as if that were an interesting period; and truly it is wonderful, now, to see the finished avenues and lawns around the great palaces, and the trim-sided lagoons, and the orderly beach of Belgian blocks against which the lake's wavelets lick, and to know that here, a year ago, was part jungle, part marsh, and part sandy waste. Of what has been done with the land and water nothing is to me more interesting than the story of the making of the Wooded Island. This island, as all the public must know, is in the main lagoon between the Horticultural Building and the enormous structure for the exploitation of manufactures and liberal arts. It contains sixteen acres, is sparsely wooded, and is designed to be kept rid of all buildings except a superb Japanese temple, and is to be sacred to public comfort. It will be a cool and shady place for visitors to rest upon. One end of it the Japanese will decorate with their peculiar but beautiful flowers and dwarfed trees, and this they have promised to give to Chicago as a lasting memento of their interest in our exposition. The place was scarcely an island; it was rather a lump of solid sand in a marsh. To-day it is a picturesque islet that any one would aver had been made by Nature, and by her slow processes. The banks slope into the clear water of the lagoon in a very naturally ragged way, with sedge-grass and water weeds and lilies wading out beyond the edges of the water. Little arms of vegetation and of land reach out here and there between tiny coves and bays, and the general effect is so natural and real that it amazes one to hear that it is not so. Yet the fact is that the island, as we see it to-day, is a work of art—of the art of Frederick Law Olmsted and his partner, the landscape architects. The land was shaped as it is now, and the lilies and grasses and water plants were put there and made to grow according to a picture or a plan, precisely as the gigantic palaces of the exposition were first designed upon paper, and then executed by mechanics.

Such perfected bits of the fair-ground do not speak for themselves, however; one might walk around and over them and never suspect that there was a story to tell concerning them. It is the buildings that are loudly eloquent of their own histories, and that cause repeated exclamations of wonder and delight from all who see them. While they were at their first stage they were less substantial than most skeletons. They looked like mere cobwebs of timber and iron. Next their sides were latticed with thin wood-work so that you saw their full dimensions and artistic outlines and proportions, and yet could look right through them as if they were architectural ghosts. To-day some are partially at that stage, and partially clothed with the staff that is to make them all look like palaces of marble or of ivory. They rise on every hand to great heights, with graceful arches and picturesque towers and pinnacles, and already reveal bits of storied entablature, groups of statuary, reaches of decorated frieze, and, in short, strong hints of all that they are to be.

One cannot be among them, and with the architects and artists who are at work upon them, without feeling that one is upon novel ground, that they are realized castles in Spain, that the scene is an artists' festival, and that the entire work is like a materialized dream.

Never in the world's modern history did so many cultivated men in so many allied professions have such scope to give their genius play, and to watch the execution of their designs, with full liberty to alter and improve their work while it progresses. The whole country must feel the beneficent results of this condition. The architects, painters, decorators, sculptors, gardeners, draughtsmen, and engineers who are housed on the grounds form a great national school of *beaux-arts*. They are developing themselves and one another, and the crowds of professional men that are constantly visiting the grounds and studying the work feel themselves lifted to new endeavor and inspired by the opportunities and triumphs of the rest. Art has never had such a field in this country, nor such an opportunity, nor such liberty. This could only be possible under a man like Mr. D. H. Burnham, the chief of construction, a broad and liberal man, cultivated, sympathetic, sensitive, and ambitious, kindly with his fellows, and content to let credit drift whither it belongs; he is perhaps the most remarkable product of the enterprise. In Paris he would have been heroized; in Chicago he is leaned upon.

There are, while I am writing, in early July, 1892, about ten thousand men at work in building the exposition grounds and buildings. Thousands are laborers who are planting trees, making roads, driving piles, and carting and lifting iron and lumber. But there is one great building full of skilled men led by architects and artists. And in other buildings, even in the most out-of-the-way places, one comes upon painters at work upon frescoes, artists illuminating plans with gay colors, sculptors creating beautiful statuary and bass-reliefs, and landscape architects supervising the plans for out-door displays of foliage and flowers.

The Forestry Building is now the studio of the sculptors' assistants, who are making gigantic enlargements of sculptured models which are to be used on the great buildings. These skilled workmen are mainly Italians, though many are French, and a few, very clever ones, are Americans. Here we see a great deal of the work of Mr. Philip Martiny, of New York, who is doing this part of the ornamentation of the Agricultural Building, and most of that which is to embellish the galleries of fine arts. The full-relief figures and great medallion busts for that building will be made by Olin Warner, of New York. Carl Bitter is also there at work on the sculptured decoration of the Administration Building, which will display groups at each corner of each pavilion on two stories and on each side of the doorways. The figures and bass-reliefs are usually made one-fifth the size they are intended to be, and the after-work of enlarging these is very interesting. The sculptors do this by what is technically called "pointing up." In a word, they take the original figure, and determine a number of points upon it as a basis for development. Having put "dividers" upon two points, they keep enlarging third points to the desired distance from the basic points until the figure is the proper size, always beginning from an initial point; or they make a rough model which assumes the main lines of what they are to produce. This model is usually made of wood built around iron rods and arms, which follow the straight lines of the core of the figure, and serve to keep it strong, as with a backbone. They have easily determined the height and width of the statue or figure. The smaller measurements are taken with nails driven in so that their heads are at the right distances from the body. The composition of plaster or staff is then worked upon the figure until it is brought up to these points, and gives the depressions and elevations of the draperies and curves of the subject. It is not necessary to point out how nice this work must be, or how great is the skill that is required to reproduce, on a scale of five times the original size, all the fine lines and shadings and artistic touches which produce expression in a sculptured face.

Some of the smaller figures, as of animals and birds, are first made with small bits of lath and whittled pieces of wood. Though they are rude before the composition is added and worked into shape, they often look very droll, and are frequently strikingly realistic models, like the object to be represented, and yet with angular, unusual lines, such as cause us to know that the sheep is to be a sheep, for instance, and yet that it is a sheep outlined as we never saw one before. Some of the giant figures are done in actual staff, where only single figures are wanted and no copies are to be made. The workmen perform their tasks in such cases under the close supervision of the sculptors; where there are to be duplicates, only one is made, and that is of plaster. From that a mould will be taken. Gelatine moulds are in use at the fair-grounds, made largely of glue, and retaining their softness and elasticity, so that when a cast is torn from them their parts yield and pull about, and yet return to their original form. This material gives the sculptor a great deal of freedom in his work, and this is preserved in the castings. It is the only process which permits what is called "undercutting," so that the turn or under side of a device, like the lip of a flower or the undercurl of a leaf, may be made with the certainty that it will reproduce finely.

A visit to the Forestry Building shows the workmen at every branch of their operations, and often looking like pygmies as they move among the battalions of gigantic white figures that they have created. Still more like dwarfs do those look who are at work upon the colossal bass-reliefs

which will ornament the arches over some of the palace entrances. Half a dozen men may be perched upon one figure of a woman—one on her shoulder, another on her knees, others working upon her extended arms. Forty or fifty of these sculptors have been busy all summer.

The headquarters of the Landscape Department is in a storage building of its own. Not only has it this place for the storing of plants, but it boasts acres of beautiful flowers in propagating houses and elsewhere. Hundreds of thousands of flowering plants are there in bloom, and there are any quantity of ferns and palms and shrubs, to be used for decorating vases on balustrades and lawns, or planted in pots along the walks on the Wooded Island, and wherever they will be most effective. Hundreds of landscape gardeners are at work turfing the grass-plots, planting trees and shrubs on the Wooded Island and the embankments and around the lagoons, the canals, and the Great Basin. In the mean time nature is assisting in the growing of plants and all sorts of marshy grasses, with which the men will line the edges of the lagoons to give them a natural appearance. A great many wild flowers are being cultivated for future use, and one can even now foresee their value, because spots which were sand banks not long ago are now abloom with the tropical luxury of the most magnificent landscapes. It may not have occurred to all who read this that architecture, floriculture, and landscape-gardening are cousins to one another, but here the plans of the grounds are elaborated in connection with the plans of the buildings, and the decoration of the surface of the ground is called the "setting" of the palaces—the jewelry, the finery, the lace-work of the buildings, as it were. Frederick Law Olmsted & Co. have this task to carry out, and their proper title is "landscape architects," a phrase which sounds forced, but is strictly practical and correct. Mr. Olmsted is in Europe, but it is his genius that has inspired the work, and his plans are being carried out with great skill by Mr. Henry Sargent Codman. He has travelled all over the world, studied at the *Académie des Beaux-Arts*, and has been trained to the study of architectural forms, and the relations between architecture and landscape-work. Already his plans have produced the great plots of vivid lawn which, reaching along whole sides of buildings, throw their white walls into bold relief as if they were cameos in frames of enamel.

The Department of Water and Sewerage is just now a busy one, and constitutes one of those features of the work which are evident now, but will be lost sight of when they are completed. Mr. W. S. McHarg, of Chicago, presides over the department. Under the system of sewerage he has devised it will all be pumped by ejectors through pipes to the southerly end of the grounds into a building containing the great reservoirs and other paraphernalia of sewerage-cleansing works, in which the waste will be all treated chemically so as to rid it of all its impurities, leaving one part in the form of dry cakes, and the remainder in the form of water, which will go back into Lake Michigan sufficiently pure to be used for drinking purposes. There are more than six hundred acres in the grounds, which are something like a mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide at the broadest part. The appointment of these with sewerage and water-supply pipes requires miles and miles of tubing. One system of pipes takes all the roof water and drains it into the lagoons and lake. Another series conducts the water from the sidewalks into the main sewerage pipes so that it may not foul the lagoons. It must be remembered that provision is being made as for a city of 700,000 souls. As 50,000 exhibitors will show their goods at the fair, and each will require at least two attendants, these alone constitute a daily population of 150,000 souls.

The work of the Electrical Department is not altogether so molelike and hidden, but it is measurably so. Mr. Frederick Sargent, a very competent electrician, is putting underground all the wiring of the grounds in immense conduits, which carry the power to all points from where it is generated in Machinery Hall. These conduits are eight feet square, or plenty big enough for two or three men to walk in side by side. Mr. Sargent has charge of all the wiring of all the buildings, for all are to be electrically lighted. The electrical fountains and the fête-night illuminations are to be provided for by him. He also has charge of the installation of all the boiler plants that will supply power for the entire exposition.

Experts in railroading have charge of the different systems of railway tracks within the grounds, not only of the permanent system which brings visitors to the park, but of the installation tracks which run about the exteriors of all the buildings, and into those in which very heavy exhibits are to be carried and displayed. These tracks within the buildings will be covered by the floors until after the close of the exposition, and then uncovered again. In this department comes the system called the Intramural Railroad. It is an elevated railway averaging twelve or fourteen feet high, and built on posts so as to give room for the passage of people and vehicles underneath it. It will be several miles long, and will land passengers at every important point and building on the grounds. It is a simple elevated road. It will be connected with the great terminal station or main depot on the fair-ground, with the Southside "alley L road" of the city, and with all the main entrances to the grounds.

Mr. Frank D. Millet, the famous author, artist, and war correspondent, has an important department under the title of "director of color." He is exercising a general supervision over all the color and decorative effects to be produced on and in the buildings and about the grounds. The buildings are all turned over to him bare and naked except in so far as they possess statues, carvings, or medallions as part of their designs. He must tone or illuminate them inside and out—or, rather, see that this is done. He has charge of the designing and disposition of all the banners, flags, burgees, awnings, and of any and every thing that is to give tone and color and spectacular effect to each view the visitors may get of the fair. He is to turn the Columbian Exposition into a brilliant picture, a vast stage effect. He is to illuminate and glorify it. It is an immense task, but it is in capable hands. Mr. Millet has travelled extensively, and has seen many universal expositions, fairs, great fêtes, and pageants. He will therefore be able to see to it that the artistic element shall not be dropped, subordinated, or forgotten in the tremendous rush of practical work that is going on.

Neither he nor any dozen men can do the work of this department. Almost any one of the great palaces, one of which has a mile of walls, might occupy a man's time for years. As he can only supervise the whole, it is Mr. Millet's task to gather around him the artists of the country who are competent, and divide among them the actual work of decorating the buildings. To paint the pendentive domes of the biggest building (Manufactures and Liberal Arts) he has invited J. C. Beckwith, Kenyon Cox, C. S. Reinhart, Robert Reid, E. E. Simmons, E. H. Blashfield, Walter Shirlaw, and J. Alden Weir. For other work he has called upon Elihu Vedder and C. C. Coleman. Mr. Vedder is to do some immense paintings of decorative figures for the dome of the Art Building, and Mr. Coleman, it is hoped, will paint some flower panels for the Horticultural Building. Mr. Potter and Mr. P. C. French, the sculptors, are doing a huge quadriga for the Columbus Porticus, or water gateway to the grounds, as well as bulls and stallions, led by men, for the pedestals in front of the Agricultural and Manufactures and Liberal Arts buildings. Edward Kemeys, of New York, is on the grounds to do figures of wild animals, native to this country, for the pedestals on the bridges. Theodore Baur, of New York, is at work upon the great figures on the Peristyle that are to represent the forty-eight States and Territories. Mr. G. W. Maynard is doing the decorations of the colonnades, porticos, and dome of the building for Agriculture. Mr. W. L. Dodge is painting the ceiling of the dome of the Administration Building. Already the artistic side of the great show has developed a most interesting collection of studios, and of painters and sculptors at work, but there will be a host of such before early winter, and others are at work elsewhere. Walter McEwen and Garri Melchers are engaged in their studios in Paris creating immense wall-panels filled with figures for the decoration of the corner pavilions of the Palace of Manufactures and Liberal Arts.

A busy hive is the Construction headquarters—a building 400 feet long and 200 feet wide, which has been designed solely as a workshop for the professional men and headquarters for all. It contains all the offices of the chief of construction and of all the departments under him, as well as an engine-house and dormitories for the guards and firemen. The entire second floor is taken up by men at work on building plans for the buildings of all sizes, the sewerage, and the engineering works. An immense force of mapmakers is keeping up the necessary charts and maps—maps of every pipe, every wire, every roadway, every hydrant and lamp and railway track. The labor of forty men is required on this branch of the work. They make fifty copies, by the heliograph process, of every completed drawing, and these are delivered to the various contractors for the differing kinds of work.

The stages through which the plans of every one of the buildings pass are interesting. The architect's original design may be a mere sketch, in which, though every part is indicated, not nearly all the parts are completed. Yet all that is left for the draughtsman is to elaborate it on the lines laid down. Thus is produced the first picture of a building as it will look. Then the engineers and others take the drawing and plans, and calculate the strains and weights on the floors and foundations, as well as the strength of the materials that are to be used. Thus the different departments produce a complete set of drawings, often great in number, from which the actual building is projected. On the fair-grounds a force of at least one hundred and fifty men is thus employed, and the rooms are filled with the plans that they have accumulated. These are so fine and executed with such regard for detail that every stick, rod, and beam—I had almost said every nail—is shown in certain ones among each set. One truss of the greatest truss roof the world ever saw—that of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building—required drawings comprising eighty great sheets, drawings so exact that in them every plate, nut, and bolt was drawn in its exact shape, and at the exact distances apart, so that the contractors knew precisely where to bore every hole in the iron-work.

It has been interesting, almost fascinating, to be upon the grounds and to observe how closely the buildings, in their progress toward completion, resemble the various plans that have been drawn for them. There is a time, before the staff is put upon the frame-work to make the edifices look substantial, when the great piles look, as I have said, like houses of lattice-work. But the most surprising thing is to know that not only all the joists and beams, but the infinitude of lattice cross-pieces, have all been drawn on the builders' plans, have all been cut out at the electric saw-mills on the grounds to match the pieces in the pictures, and then have been brought to the site by the car-load and dumped there, leaving nothing for the carpenters to do but to nail them in place. Few skilled workmen are employed, in proportion to the number of mere laborers; indeed, nine-tenths of the workmen are mere dollar-and-a-half-a-day folk, whose duty is simply to nail bits of wood in the places shown in the plans, under the supervision of skilled foremen. That is one reason why the constructors have had little trouble with the labor organizations. If nearly all the men left the grounds to-morrow their places could be filled by the people seeking work, who are forever clamoring at the gates.

The staff which covers up the exteriors of the palaces, transforming them into the counterfeits of solid masonry, which covers up the skeleton posts and seems to convert them into granite and marble, is a material whose liberal use at the fair has caused it to attract wide attention and to engender much discussion. It is made principally of plaster of Paris and cement and water, and while in the liquid state is put into the moulds that are to give it its required shape, with the addition of some fibre or other—manila or jute or cocoanut, or, sometimes, a web or bagging. This is embedded in it so that when the mass "sets," or solidifies, it all becomes homogeneous, and if a piece were cracked or broken the fractured parts, instead of falling out, would be held in place. There is nothing new about it. It has been long in use all over the world—a great deal in the German cities, and a great deal in South America. Buenos Ayres and many cities in the South are largely built of or finished with it. The dilapidated houses which we see in our own cities, in which pieces of the stucco have fallen away and reveal brick behind the fractures, are called stuccoed, but the stucco is staff. If it is attended to from time to time it can be made to last a long while. On the fair-grounds it is first painted with oil to make it withstand the elements and to cause it to require less paint. Then it is painted so that it will resemble any building material and present any color that is desired.

ALGERIA AND TUNIS AT CHICAGO.

In the medley of foreign curiosities and domestic wonders which will illuminate the Midway Plaisance at our Columbian Exposition in Chicago, the Tunisian and Algerian village will seem to the average visitor as peculiar and as picturesque as anything in that avenue of oddities. This Plaisance is a parkway connecting Jackson Park, where the fair is to be held, with a neighboring pleasure-ground. It has been added to Jackson Park for the purposes of the exposition, as an extension of the fair-ground. From end to end of the Plaisance concessions have been granted for exhibitions not appropriate to the main divisions of the fair, and thus the Plaisance has itself come to form one of these visions.

A single admission fee opens all the rest of the exposition to the spectator, and there will be no extra charge for visiting this parkway, but along its sides will be shown many novelties, arranged by individuals or companies that may charge separate entrance fees or sell their wares. Among the concessions are several that are granted for foreign villages, in which native customs, costumes, peoples, and housings will illustrate life in unfamiliar as well as much travelled lands. The Algerian and Tunisian exhibit of this sort will be combined in one village, and this will be formed of dwellings, bazars, and temples, faithfully copied and picturesque in the extreme. Genuine bands of natives of those lands will here maintain their shops, places of worship, home and street life, strange forms of public entertainment, and all the rest that they are accustomed to at home.

HOW SHE READ THE SUMMER NOVEL.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

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"Darling!"

The word rushed to his lips, and was uttered before he could restrain it. So long had he so thought of her that he was hardly conscious of what he had spoken.

And Daphne?

Daphne slowly raised her eyes, while a rosy tint covered her face. As she realized what the word meant, what changes in her future it implied, a delicious dreamy softness veiled the brightness of her blue eyes, which still gazed unabashed into those bent so bravely upon her.

"My love," he went on—for after that avowal he must risk all to win all—"can it be that you mean what your silence bids me to hope? Am I so blessed? I had not meant to say a word to you before my departure, but now—"

Still Daphne was silent, though he had waited for her to reply. For a moment there was silence between them. Then Daphne caught her breath with a little fluttering sigh, and held both her hands out to him, palms downward.

In an instant his arms were round her, her head sank upon his shoulder, and they were motionless.

From the ballroom were faintly heard the soft measures of the waltz "L'Amour."

So ended the great "Feud of the Carltons."

THE END.

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"—— to their country-house."

"The Carltons? How extraordinary! I thought there was no love lost between them."

"Nor is there. But Gladys told me it was all an accident. It seems that he didn't know about it. He had been in the East, or the West, or somewhere, and hadn't kept up with all the goings-on at home. At all events, he invited them both."

"And I suppose both were too proud to back out."

"They would have been if they had known. Possibly they didn't either of them know. Daphne couldn't have understood the way things were, or she would have made up some excuse in time."

"I'm glad I'm here to see the fun. Donnybrook Fair would be a Peace Convention beside it."

And so they strolled toward the smoking-room. It was a luxurious apartment. Around the walls ran a low divan of brown leather, contrasting well with the subdued blue of the dado and the —— quiet frieze —— ceiling ——

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As Daphne swept into the drawing-room there was the hush of expectation that always heralds the entrance of a beautiful woman, or signifies the expectation of some awaited sensation.

Laurence, though he was turned away from the door,

knew instinctively that she was in the room. He broke off his light badinage in the middle of a sentence.

Fortunately the lady to whom he was talking was a stranger who knew nothing of the Carltons or their history. She was one of the fortunate souls to whom life is but the kaleidoscope of folly and the whole of her horizon—

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"May I present Mr. Laurence Carlton?" said the major; and if he did not finish with a falling inflection, but gave the conventional phrase the form of an inquiry, we must consider the temptation.

Daphne bent her graceful figure, and Carlton bowed low. As the major retired, their eyes met. So had fate at last—

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"—— and a beautiful old estate it is," Daphne answered, her eyes brightening as there came to her a vision of that avenue of old trees beneath which she had passed so many happy hours of her childhood's long seclusion; "a beautiful home. How I used to envy you who could dream of the sturdy forefathers who had planted that grand avenue so many, many years ago!"

Carlton could not but smile at her enthusiasm. "Then we were not the hated race I imagined you remembered only with scorn?" He had spoken playfully, but the pained look that drew together those delicately arched eyebrows touched his generous nature. "Forgive me," he went on, a little confusedly. "I thought—I feared— But that is all past now."

"Yes," Daphne replied, with a scarcely audible sigh, "it is all past now!"

The notes of a gay waltz were heard, and they swung quickly about the room. Did Daphne forget the words of her foster-father—"Daphne, the Carlton race is a cruel race; there can be naught between us but hatred"? Ah no! Daphne looked into those deep brown eyes so near her own. They were not cruel. They were manly, and they were kind.

So passed the happy autumn days. Long rides over the crisping leaves; lazy mornings upon the cool river; evenings of brightness and sparkling talk, of dreamy music, of fair women and brave men—

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——time for the inevitable crisis. Was this crouching figure, this tigress of flaming eyes, the gentle, high-bred Daphne Walden he had learned to love?

"Deceit!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Carlton—Laurence! You know the word is false! John Walden took no more than was his own—or so he thought. How could *he* know that the will was forged? How could he know that Richard Carlton was alive? You yourselves could never prove it."

"But you know it must have been a forgery!" said Laurence, almost as if he were upon the defensive.

"I knew nothing of it," said Daphne, passionately. "Never until this moment have I heard the story of your claim. I swear to you by Heaven above that I never heard it breathed that the will was a forgery. I knew you had brought suit to annul it, but I was told it was only a trumped-up claim."

"I see it all!" Laurence broke out. "It was Hezekiah Kimpton! *He* it was who drew the will! He became the trustee under it, and— Oh, how blind I have been!" and Laurence hid his face in his hands.

"Laurence," said Daphne, coming to his side, "I cannot bear to see you suffer so. It was not your fault, nor was it mine. The dupe and the villain are alike dead, let us bury our enmity in their graves. It is all clear to me now. When your grandfather mortgaged the estate, it was understood that ———, and so by his will he ———. And now it is all forgotten and forgiven. The estates are yours. Never again will I return to that house. It is yours, not mine."

"But, Daphne," and Laurence looked up with a strangely intent gaze, "it is my wish, above all things, that you should live there forever."

"I could not!" she exclaimed, vehemently. "The very walls would cry out against me."

"But, Daphne," he said again, standing before her, so brave and so calm, "you do not understand. I do not refuse your offer. The house is ours, and it shall be mine. Can't you see?" And he stepped nearer as he asked the question.

Then Daphne lowered her eyes, but she did not turn from him. And Laurence saw that she was not indifferent to him.

"Darling!"

The word rushed to his lips, and was uttered—

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THE FEUD OF THE CARLTONS.

CHAPTER I.

The great house evidently dated from colonial times. The long avenue of approach, shaded by magnificent trees—

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Laurence Carlton was of tall and well-knit figure. His closely curling hair displayed to advantage a well-modelled forehead, beneath which his brown eyes, usually mirthful, at times glowed with a baleful fire. He was the second son—

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—— known far and wide as "The Feud of the Carltons." The Waldens, too, were a proud family; but since the death of her foster-father, Daphne was alone in the great mansion.

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—— faintly heard the soft measures of the waltz "L'Amour." So ended the great "feud of the Carltons."

AN AMERICAN EXPLORER IN AFRICA.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL, JUN.

As I write these lines a splendidly equipped caravan, led by a young New-Yorker—William Astor Chanler—is slowly winding its way through the fever jungles of Wituland, East Africa, towards perhaps the last *terra incognita* of the habitable globe. A great blank space on the map marks its situation south of Abyssinia, west of the Somali and Gallas country, east of Lakes Stephanie and Rudolph, and north of the narrow fringe of forts and trading stations which limits the actual possessions of the British East Africa Company. This great unknown territory bears no name, but the Swaheli traders shudder as they call it "the land of thirst and emptiness."

Five years ago, when with his classmates Chanler looked for the last time upon the campus of fair Harvard, he carried out with him into the world a lofty ambition. The first step towards its execution has now been taken, and with the caravan and its equipment at his back (which is the incorporated result of four long years of tedious African travel and scientific study), the young American explorer is entering upon the field of activity and of danger upon which his mind has so long been set.

As he turned his back upon academic life, and entered into the greater world beyond, where his life's lines were cast in pleasant places, and which he had no reason to view in the light of an adversary, Chanler told me of his ambition. Though so young, he had travelled much in strange countries. He preferred the tent to the roof-tree. The ever-changing and ever-new vicissitudes of the explorer chained as with a charm his restless spirit.

"I am going to Africa," he said. "As yet you must say nothing about my plans. I am going to stay. Perhaps I shall not succeed in doing anything very remarkable, but I own to the ambition of hoping that my life's work may tell, and that some day, when the history of Africa is written, a benevolent historian, after having extolled the exploits of the great explorers, may add, in a foot-note, 'Then there was a young American named Chanler, with nothing else in particular to do, who came to Africa, and by persistent travel and painstaking investigation, succeeded in here and there clearing away a shadow from the map of the Dark Continent.'"

LIEUT. VON HÖHNELL, AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN NAVY,
Who accompanies the Chanler Expedition.

A year later, in Berlin, I heard again of Chanler. The *Tageblatt*, I believe it was, published an interesting letter from an officer stationed in German East Africa, extolling in unmeasured terms the *Unternehmungsgeist* of the young American, who, though having barely attained his majority, had succeeded in marching completely around Kilima-Njaro, the snow-peaked mountain of central tropical Africa, and in passing through the land of the Masai, where, two years later, Stanley said he would not dare to go without a thousand rifles at his back. Chanler had accomplished this daring journey with a caravan of unreliable Zanzibaris, and a lad named George Galwin, from his father's seat on the Hudson, as his only white companion and support. Galwin was then, I believe, but seventeen years of age.

When the young explorers reached Mombasa on the home journey they were both stricken down with the coast fever, and on their recovery, were invalided home. The last eighteen months Chanler has spent in making the preparations necessary for the adventurous journey into the unknown upon which he is now engaged. In the labor of chronicling the scientific and geographical results of his journey he has secured the assistance of Lieutenant Von Höhnell, a very distinguished young officer of the Austro-Hungarian navy, who has seen service in Africa. Höhnell accompanied Count Samuel Teleki on his memorable expedition to Africa, and has described their experiences and adventures in one of the most interesting volumes of travel that I ever came across.

The caravan which is now marching from Lamu to Mount Kenia numbers some two hundred men, mustering about one hundred and fifty rifles. Some thirty or forty Soudanese and Somali were recruited by Mr. Chanler at Aden in July to give the native porters stamina and a fighting example. It is hoped that Mount Kenia will be reached after about sixty days' journey inland along the swampy banks of the river Tana. Here a zereba will be formed, and some weeks will be spent in ascending the mountain, which by triangulation is estimated to be nearly twenty thousand feet high. In the desert country north of Kenia a caravan of camels which Mr. Chanler purchased at Massowah will be brought into play, relieving the native porters of their loads, and so economizing their strength for the greater obstacles and hardships beyond. It is considered very doubtful by those who know the country from Lamu to Kenia whether the camels will stand a climate and the low swamp country to which they are unaccustomed. Still the venture is an interesting innovation in central African travel. The caravan will now push on through the dreary land of "thirst and emptiness," inhabited by fierce Nilotic tribes, until the southern extremity of Lake Rudolph is reached. In performing this desert journey Count Teleki lost one-third of his caravan from want of water and from disease. Having explored fully this lake system, which the Austrian explorer's maps only roughly outline, the caravan will be directed eastward from Lake Stephanie into the great white blank on the African map which lies between the lakes and the Julia River. With perhaps the exception of central Australia, this expanse of six hundred miles of country is the least-known portion of the earth's surface. Strangely enough, for reasons which I am not competent to explain, Professor Suess and other leading geologists have come to the conclusion that this unknown land is the most recent formation of the earth's crust. It is believed to contain inland seas larger than the Albert Nyanza and several active volcanoes. Of one thing, however, Chanler can be certain, and that is that on approaching the Julia River he will of necessity come in contact with the fierce Gallas and Somals who have hitherto been successful in keeping all explorers from passing through their lands. In attempting it, men like Prince Ruspoli Revoil, James, and Ferrandi failed, and Baron von der Decken was killed. Unless confronted by circumstances over which a manly will can have no control, I believe Chanler will succeed.

Should he reach the Julia River, Chanler will follow its course to the ocean, and then journey along the sea to Lamu. Unless prevented by disease or the "breechless enemies of science," Chanler hopes to complete the journey of three thousand miles, which I have roughly outlined, in two years.

In my capacity as commander of the "rear guard," which I sincerely trust will not be needed to rescue his expedition, I was initiated by Chanler last spring into another side of many-sided London. The streets adjacent to Bevis Mark in the East End are inhabited solely by merchants who cater to the fickle fancies of the central Africans. Here you can buy drafts on such distinguished bankers as Tippo Tib, of the Congo, or my friend Sid Boobkehr, of Timbuctoo and Tarudant. It is a regular Stock Exchange, where wild-cat speculation is the order of the day. The talk of the street is amber beads and ivory, and at your option you can go long or short on any of these commodities just as though it were Chicago gas or October wheat. The merchants are most Levantines, with olive complexions, and all the languages of the Tower of Babel at their tongue's end. One English merchant we met, however, whose family had been in the caravan trade since the day of Mungo Park. He had a hunted expression in his eyes, and was evidently anything but pleased with his hereditary business, which he regarded as a family curse. "Caravan trading," he said to me one day, in a moment of expansion, "is the greatest gamble on the face of this earth. For peace and a quiet life a constable along the docks has a better time of it. You cannot make a small deal and so feel your way along slowly. No; you must put all your ducats in one basket, and then you intrust it for safe-keeping to some yellow-skinned Arab, who has the whole of the Dark Continent to hide away in."

From this gentleman we also learned that beads have their fashions and their changing shapes and colors like articles of commerce in our civilized world. To keep up with these restless fancies of the leaders in African fashion, the merchants of Bevis Mark are compelled to keep agents in Lamu, Loando, Bagamozo, Mogador, and other commercial and caravan centres, who wire and write them of the rise and fall of fashions.

"I should say it was a gamble," sighed the merchant, sadly. "Last year the Swaheli traders on the Yana were shouting for perfectly round Carniola beads. So as soon as I could have them made, I shipped out to my agents some thirty tons of them. Make money? No. Just look at this telegram from Lamu: 'Fashion changed. Swaheli traders won't have blue beads any price. Want green. Shall sell shipment to children of coast towns—play marbles with.'"

I give this glance at the African markets to show some of the minor difficulties of fitting out a caravan which Chanler met with and by patience and persistence overcame here last spring. A bead seems a trivial thing in London, where it costs but an infinitesimal fraction of a cent. But when you remember that when you reach the "land of thirst and emptiness" it will buy you an ox, a camel, or nothing at all, you pause over the purchase, and dwell upon its color, shape, and weight.

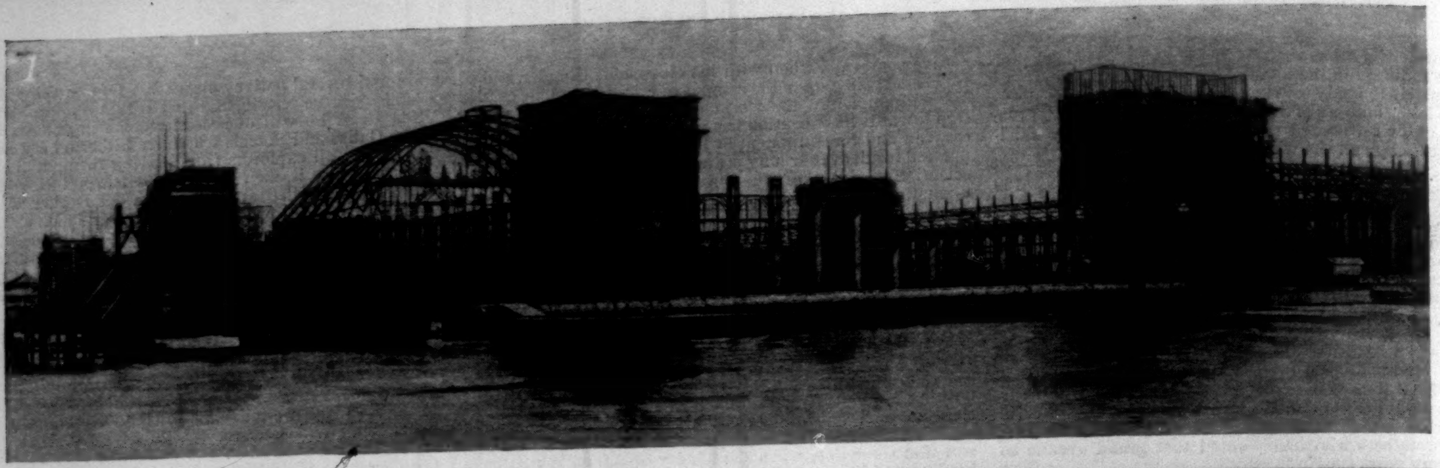
On his twenty-fifth birthday, in June last, Chanler set sail from Marseilles for East Africa. With the exception of the repeating-rifles for the Zanzibaris, which the Emperor of Austria contributed as a pledge of the great interest he takes in the expedition, all the expenses of the equipment have and will be defrayed by Mr. Chanler out of his private means. And one of the last acts of Lord Salisbury before leaving office was to order the officers of the East African Company to permit Mr. Chanler's caravan to fly the American flag in passing through their territory. Before his departure from London the young explorer, whose expedition will be followed with so much interest in Europe as well as in America, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and entertained at a banquet at which were present, among other distinguished Africans, Sir John Kirk, Livingstone's friend and companion, Henry M. Stanley, Sir William Mackinnon, Grant Duff, Commander Cameron, and Sir Donald Stewart.

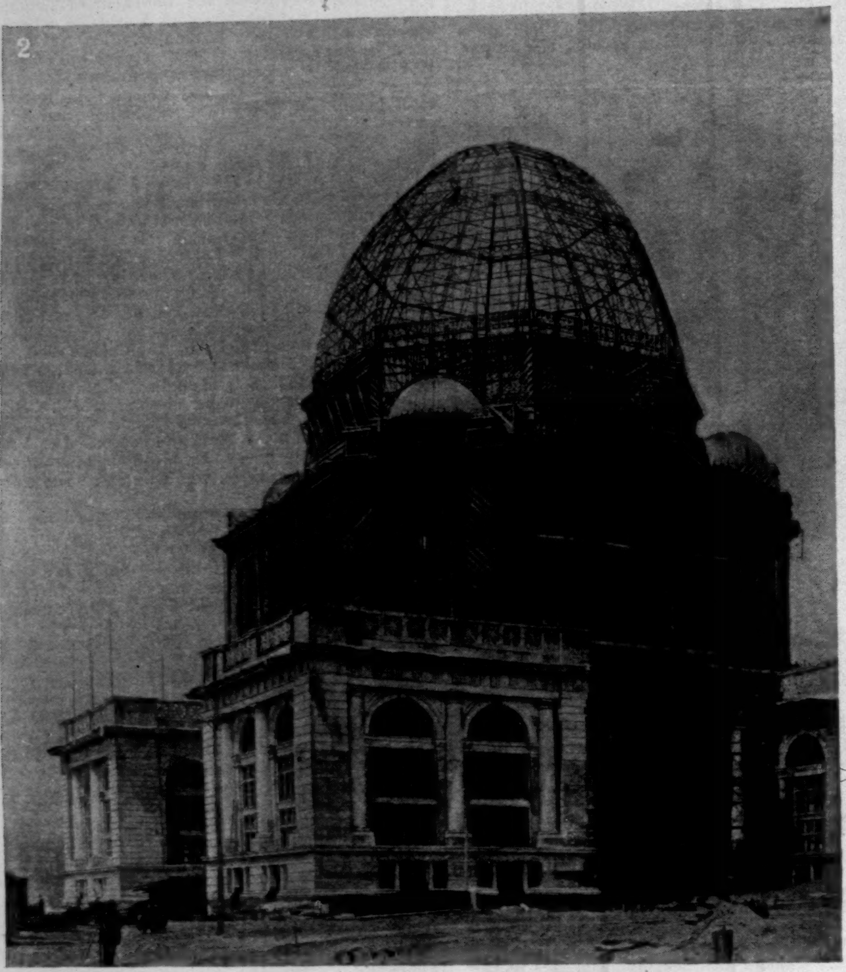
I believe, as was the case after his journey through Masailand, the Smithsonian Institute will benefit by the collections of rare flora and faunæ that Mr. Chanler may succeed in bringing back with him.

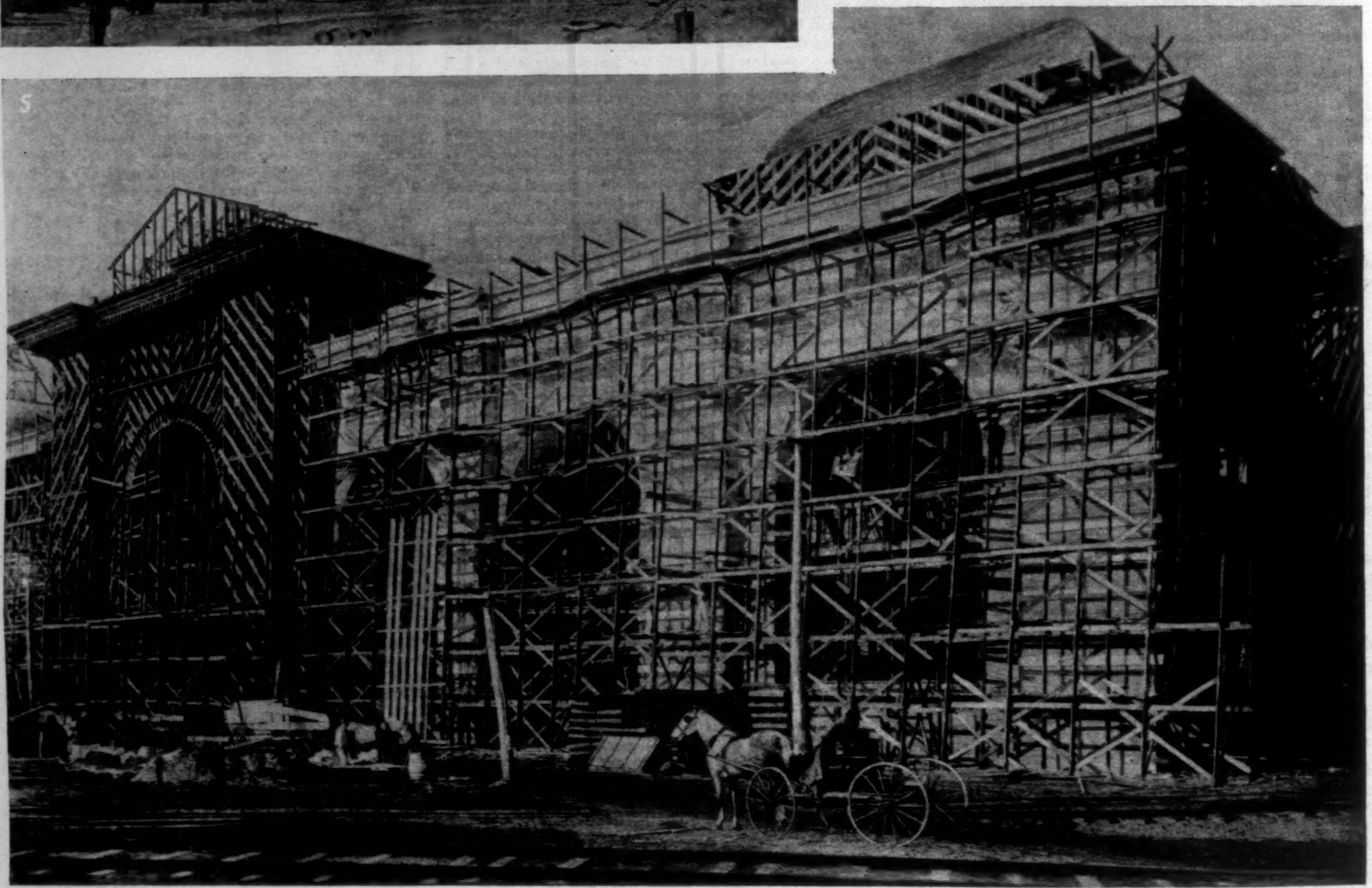
For those who believe in atavism and the inheritance of characteristics and temperament, it will be welcome to recall that the young explorer is a great-grandson of John Jacob Astor, the first of that name, who jeopardized and very much diminished his fortune in opening up the great Northwest.

THE GOLDEN DOORWAY.

The architects of the Transportation Building for the World's Fair in Chicago, Messrs. Adler & Sullivan, had a very serious problem to solve, as the specific character of the exhibit to be contained in the building dictated almost absolutely the plan of the structure. The exhibits, consisting mainly of locomotives and other railroad rolling stock, will be large and heavy, and occupy much floor space. The building is laid out for railroad tracks 16 feet from centre to centre, and it naturally followed that the openings into the building would be regulated by this arrangement for the installation of exhibits. These bays are therefore 32 feet apart, and as the building is 256 feet wide and 960 feet long, there would be 8 bays on one side and 32 on the other. So as to give dignity to the main front, and relieve the monotony of these bays, a Moorish door or gateway has been designed for the centre. This gateway, a picture of which is presented in this paper, is to be gilded, and it will be known as the Golden Doorway. Among the many striking architectural things that the visitor to the World's Fair will see, this will be one of the most notable, as it will appeal to the imagination and linger in the memory. The architects have in an unusual degree combined utility and beauty, but without this Golden Doorway the building, while being entirely fit for its practical purpose, would have seemed low, monotonous, and mechanical. Here was just the relief that was needed, and the Golden Doorway, while serving this excellent architectural purpose, will also be a fitting entrance to an exhibit that will thoroughly illustrate that phase of the world's progress which has brought all the countries of the earth into one large neighborhood.

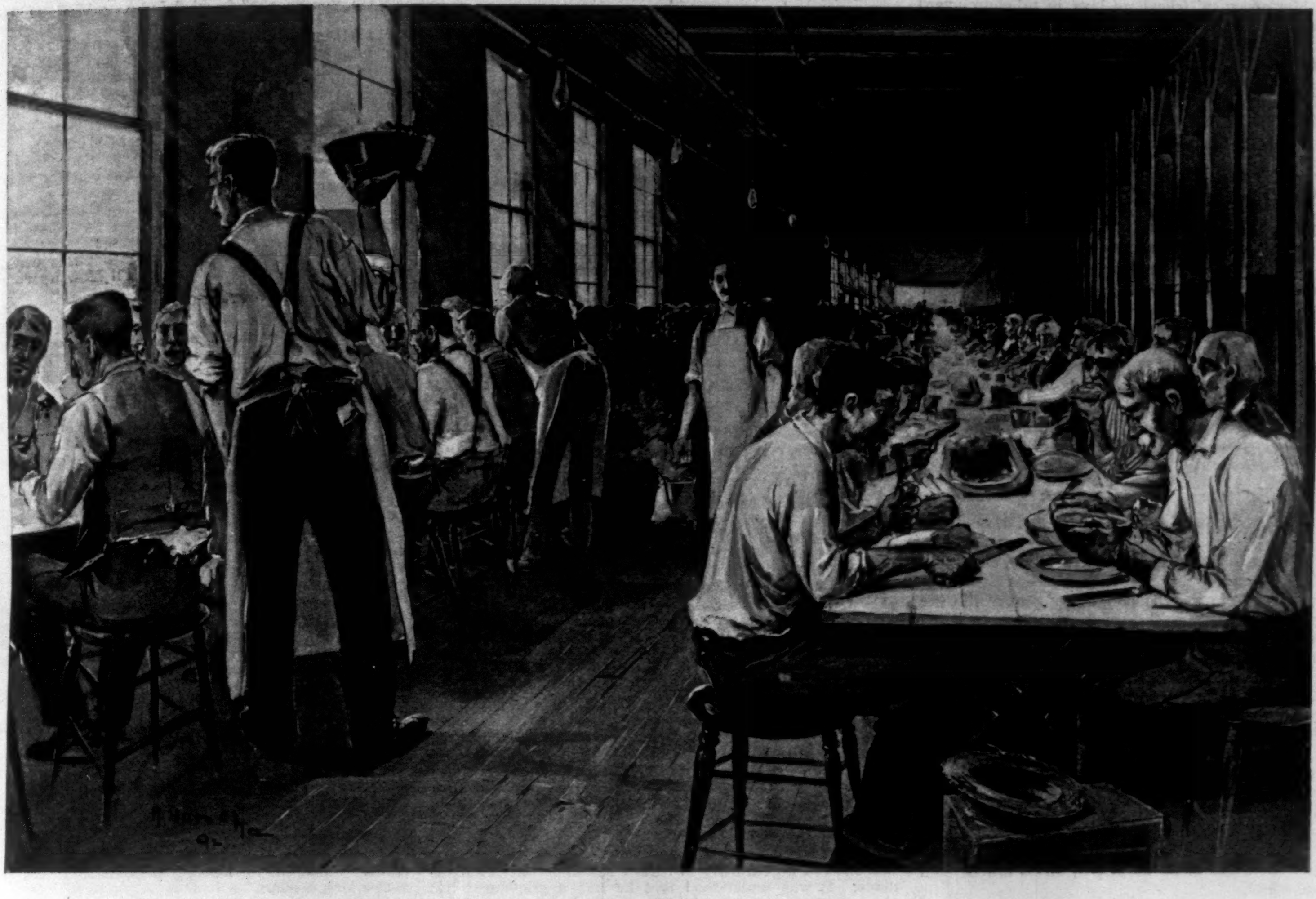






COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—[See Page 897.]

1. Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, looking Northeast. 2. Administration Building. 3 and 4. Statues for Agricultural Building. 5. South End of Mines and Mining Building.



THE WORKMEN'S NOONDAY MEAL AT THE COLUMBIAN FAIR GROUNDS.—Drawn by A. Hencke after a Sketch by T. Dart Walker.

THE ALGERIAN AND TUNISIAN VILLAGE.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 898.]

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.

TENDER-HEARTED TOM.

BY NELLY BOOTH SIMMONS.

We laid him away, th' friend we love, in th' church-yard green an' calm,
An' th' whole o' th' village mourns to-night f'r Tender-hearted Tom.
He wasn't polish'd, or learn'd in books, but 'en he was good, y' see,
An'—well, th' name 'at we call'd him by just suited him to a T.

Such a common, hard-work'd man he was, in his suit o' home-made stuff,
'Ith shoulders bent, an' a grizzled beard, an' his fingers gnarl'd an' rough!
An' yet, now his quiet, humble life has come t' a peaceful end,
Th' poor an' th' needy c'n truly say, "We've lost our kindest friend."

He made no fuss, an' he boasted none; it wasn't his tongue 'at led
W'en, sittin' about th' store, we talk'd o' th' folks 'at needed bread.
But still, as we parley'd, "Now, who's t' help? *We'd* help 'em if we could,"
W'y, *he'd* fill a basket, 'en off he'd slip, half 'shamed o' doin' good.

An' as f'r th' kindly, helpful words he scatter'd along his way,
I couldn't tell y' o' *those*, I guess, if I talk'd till Judgment day.
Such a gentle, simple way he had, as he pass'd this life along,
O' coaxin' th' lazy folks t' work, an' th' bad from paths o' wrong.

Th' children loved him th' best o' all; w'en they see him on th' street
They'd flit, like bees t' a honey-pot, an' cluster about his feet.
An' 'en, w'en y' see him stoopin' down, just t' pat each little face,
Y' didn't think o' his awk'ard ways, or his lack o' high-born grace.

An' 'twasn't th' people alone he help'd; dumb brutes, both big an' small,
Th' horses an' cows, th' birds an' cats, he'd a heart 'at felt f'r all.
I've seen him, th' lord o' th' finest farm in all th' country round,
Just workin' f'r hours t' heal th' hurt o' a poor stray cur he'd found.

An' th' brutes loved *him*: they know their friends! W'en he work'd about his farm
Ye'd see, here 'n' there, a horse or cow lay its head upon his arm.
Th' dogs 'ud follow t' lick his hand, 'n' fondle 'n' leap 'n' coax;
An' th' birds seem'd less afraid o' him 'n they did o' other folks.

"How faithful th' animals are!" he'd say. He seldom got mad, did Tom,
But t' see a horse or cow abused *did* startle him from his calm.
"W'y, th' man," he said, "'at c'n whip 'n' starve these poor dumb helpless things,
I'd give him a pass t' leave this world, an' a pair o' first-class wings!

"Just look at th' horses now," he'd add. "How they serve us day by day,
An' tug at our loads, an' pull th' plough, an' our slightest word obey,
So patient an' meek; t' treat 'em well is th' least 'at we c'n do.
It's not only people 'at shrink from pain; th' brutes c'n feel it too."

How angry he'd get w'en folks would say—'tis th' commonest excuse
F'r neglectin' stock—"Oh, well, th' brutes they was made f'r people's use."
"It's quite as likely," he'd tell us then, "in th' course o' natur's plan,
'At *we* was made f'r th' an'mals' use, as 'at *they* was made f'r man."

He said 'twas wicked t' hunt, did Tom. Th' fellows o' course 'ud laugh.
But he wasn't t' be back'd down, not he, by th' ridicule an' chaff.
"It looks," he'd say, "like a heartless job f'r a man t' take a gun,
An' go thro' th' woods destroyin' life, an' declare th' slaughter *fun!*

"D'ye see 'at bird?" an' he'd point t' where, in a tree not far away,
Some lark, y' know, 'ud be tunin' up, perch'd high on a leafy spray.
"It's a noble sport, now ain't it, boys, f'r t' shoot 'at harmless things,
'At's got just as good a right as us t' enjoy th' lovely spring!"

"Th' world is so big!" he'd often say. "If killin' 'ud only cease,
I'm sure 'at people an' bird an' beast 'ud have room t' dwell in peace.
But man, 'ith savage, red-handed sport, has prey'd on th' weak," he said,
"Till an'mals think us their greatest foe, an' th' earth is full o' dread."

Dear Tom, 'ith his gentle, homely ways, an' his talk so quaint an' queer!
We laugh'd, we call'd him a crank, sometimes, but we al'ays held him dear.
An' now he's gone! Th' flow'rs 'at he loved 'ill cover 'at kindly heart.
Th' poor an' th' helpless have lost th' friend 'at al'ays took their part.

Dear Tom!—there's plenty o' stones uprais'd t' more famous folk 'n he,
But none a lesson more sweet reveals 'n speaks from his grave t' me,—
'At mound in th' church-yard, still an green, 'ith violets breathin' balm,
An' carv'd on th' stone, 'ith a bit o' verse, just "Tender-hearted Tom."

THE FIREBREAK.

BY RHODES MACKNIGHT.

Liscomb lay at full length upon the bear-skin covering a rude couch. A pipe was in his mouth, and he lazily contemplated the convolutions of blue smoke rising upward to the roof of the shanty. Beside him was a window, and without the flowery prairie stretched away to the sky.

The man's rough exterior was not definitive; at the first glance the most careless observer might see that. There was moulding in the countenance, a certain expression in the eyes, a turn to the mouth, that did not come in with the hirsute and uncouth whole.

Midway between two affluents of the turbid Missouri, and thirty miles north of the great transcontinental line of the Northern Pacific Railway in Dakota, he had built his cabin. That had been fifteen years before, and he was a young man then. For that length of time he had been undisturbed, a recluse. But gradually civilization had pushed the frontier toward him, and already an outpost was within hailing distance—a newly built board shanty which could be seen from his window. Upon this building he now and again cast sullen eyes.

No one knew the story of this man's past life. He had come to a country the members of whose shifting population showed no curiosity in regard to one another's antecedents. It was understood that he had a grievance; but then, most men have; and while that in itself was no cause for a man's losing himself on the outskirts of the world, it was sufficient if it pleased him to think so. He had been known to make slurring remarks without apparent reason; but they were remarks directed toward a sex not much know in the region, and, not being personal, they were passed over without thought. Furthermore, he rode well, shot well, and drank enough; therefore he was looked upon as a pretty decent sort of fellow by the plainsmen with whom he came in contact. In classing him as a man with a woman in his case they excused all his eccentricities.

The new shanty was a sore to him. He had watched it building with growing resentment. To have one's solitude broken in upon after all these years was an affront—an affront the more poignant in that it was not merely the neighboring of mankind, which would have been bad enough, but of womankind; for the shanty was the property of a man of family, who had settled under the provisions of the Homestead Act. The family was small—a wife, a daughter budding into womanhood, and a babe—but that was no palliation to Liscomb.

When they had come toiling over the prairie in a big covered wagon he had found it difficult to believe the evidence of his eyes, for he felt that he was certainly far enough out of the world to insure solitude for the rest of his days. But with the coming of the railroad all had been changed; a great number of people poured into the country to take up claims for the free farms the government offered. That the Lubys came into the section where he had passed so many years alone was chance; they had made their selection at the land-office at Bismarck. And in any event others would come.

But it was upon the Lubys that Liscomb lavished the first hot flush of his resentment. They were the pioneers of the new order of things, and, like all pioneers, they were to bear the onus. From that first day when the lumbering family wagon loomed upon the distant line of prairie and sky he had hated them.

Now, as he looked over-shoulder at the newly completed shanty, he felt the full force of that hatred. It was the visible earnest of the fact that they had come to stay. So long as they had lived in a shelter-tent there was the possibility that their coming was a bad dream from which he would awake. But there was no getting over the shanty.

In one of his glances he caught sight of Luby himself driving across the prairie toward him. And this sight aroused him. He got to a sitting posture, and watched the on-coming wagon for a moment.

"At it again," he muttered. "Hanged if I don't stop the whole blamed business before it goes any further!"

Luby, it may be said, had got into the habit of driving across his neighbor's quarter section by way of a short-cut to the prairie road running north and south. It was a practice harmless enough, seeing that Liscomb's land was not under cultivation, but it was salt to the younger man's wound already smarting. Several times before there had been words over it, and these words had been about the only intercourse exchanged. On the Lubys' side there had been nothing but friendliness, but a bear had come in their path.

Liscomb got up now determinedly, put on his wide-brimmed hat, and stepped briskly from the cabin, followed by the old red setter which was his only companion. He ploughed through the heavy buffalo-grass obliquely to cut off Luby's progress. In a moment they met.

"Mornin'," said Luby, shortly, and with prim lips that told of readiness for the impending battle. He was fifty, his face was bronzed and furrowed, and he had a tuft on his chin like that of a goat. He made no motion to draw up.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted you to stop crossing my land!" cried Liscomb, planting himself before the advancing team.

"Whoa-a!" yelled Luby, rather unnecessarily, seeing that the beasts were already stopped. "How?" he then asked.

"I want you to stop crossing my land," repeated Liscomb.

"Oh, you do, eh?" drawled Luby. "Well, mebbe I will, an' mebbe I won't."

"I tell you again, I want you to keep off my land."

"I don't see that I'm hurtin' your land any."

"Do you think 'cause the government gave you a quarter section you own the whole Territory? Now, you'd better turn back and go down your own line before you get into trouble."

"Guess not," replied Luby, with careful unconcern. "Guess this country's not so plaguy tight as all that comes to."

"Well, you'll know more about this country after you've lived here awhile."

"Mebbe," said Luby. Then, jerking the reins, he adjured his team to go on.

Instantly Liscomb whipped a revolver from the holster at his belt. "We're our own lawyers out this way," he remarked. "You go back now, or I'll blow up your whole blamed outfit."

Luby looked at the revolver, then at the man. Without a word he turned his team. But as he drove slowly away he looked back, squinted an eye viciously, and called out: "You're jess the orneriest stinker I ever see. Jess you wait till I git a chance to git square. Say, if I don't make you smart!"

For a moment Liscomb stood motionless, his eyes on the retreating wagon. Then, dropping the revolver back to its sheath, he turned toward his cabin. He was not ashamed of himself. It was his distinct determination to be upon bad terms with his neighbor.

The remainder of the day he was far out to the westward shooting prairie-chickens. The evening, as was his custom, he prepared to spend over his books.

Some time after lighting his lamp, and when leaning over the table that occupied a corner of his living-room, he heard a footstep in the doorway. At the same moment his dog growled. He turned quickly, and saw the daughter of his neighbor pausing undecided upon the threshold.

Nettie Luby was about eighteen. She was a comely girl with fair skin and masses of bronze hair. This was the first of her he had seen at short range. There was in her face something piquant when she caught his eyes, then cast a furtive glance about the room. She was not abashed; on the contrary, she had much self-possession.

"Well?" said Liscomb. He started to rise, but remained seated with his body bent forward and a hand upon either arm of his chair.

"Well?" he repeated, presently, when she did not answer.

Still she let her eyes play about the room. The dog now seemed to interest her much.

"Did you want anything?" Liscomb asked, solemnly, rising at last.

"Oh no," she responded, meeting his gaze with a slight smile. "Leastways, nothing petickler. I jess come to take a look around."

He unconsciously sat down again and stared. For a dozen years he had not spoken to a woman; and now he was amazed, yet could not remember if he had the right to be. And if he had not been carried away with amazement he would have been embarrassed, despite his mood.

The girl presently dropped into a chair by the door and eyed him with disconcerting steadfastness. She was evidently not conscious of her own temerity.

"I thought I'd jess come over to give you a call," she went on, "for you don't seem to be very friendly like. I heerd you an' pa got kind of interduced this mornin'. But say, don't you think you was pretty sassy? Ma thinks so. An' I think so too. Pa thinks worse 'n that. Come, don't you think you was a little bit sassy—a weenty bit?"

She asked this very earnestly; but as she got no reply, her lips were puckered and she showed some teeth and dimples. Her candor was very engaging.

"I don't know where you're from," she pursued, "but we're from down in Ioway. An' down *that* way everybody's p'lite as ken be. Things goes better so, don't you see. Now there ain't any of us but jess pa an' ma an' me an' the baby. That's little Annie. She ain't two yet, but she's jess as cunnin'! We didn't get on very well down there, an' so when pa gets a chance to sell out, why, we sold out an' come up here to Dakota. There's only jess the four of us, an' we don't like it very well 's far as we got. Y' see we've took a homestead claim, an' we get a hunderd 'n' sixty acres; but, gracious! the land up here ain't what it is down Ioway way. Leastways, that's what pa says, an' I guess he knows, 'cause, even if we didn't get on very well, pa's a good farmer. Leastways, that's what everybody says. We don't take much to folks up this way. Or" (she corrected herself, with a slight laugh) "p'r'aps *they* don't take much to *us*. We came by the railroad as far as Dickinson, don't you know, an' then we came on up with jess the team. An' we've had to live jess in the tent till pa got the house built. An', say, don't you think he was pretty smart to put it up all jess himself? Well, the folks up this way seem to be pretty near all Swedes, an' they're easy enough folks to get along with, but they're so insociable. Don't you think so? They pass by you jess like sticks, an' never a single word 'r a smile. An', gracious! when we got up here at last there ain't any folks up here at all! Only you. Not even Swedes! An' me, who's been so much used to company! We're mighty sociable folks down Ioway way; an' say, but we *do* have the fun down there! I wish I was back there."

She paused, and seemed to be lost for a moment in reminiscence. Liscomb shifted himself uneasily, but he still eyed her with a dogged and stony stare.

"But it's no use wishin'," she recalled herself with a deep breath, "an' I s'pose we might 's well make the best of it. Ma's mighty dis'pointed too. An' pa, he don't say much, because he ain't one of them kind, but it's jess as plain 's ken be that *he* wishes we'd all staid 't home in Ioway. An' so," she added, the smile coming into play again—"an' so when I heerd about—*that*—this mornin'—I thought I'd jess come over an' ask you not to be so sassy—seein' how things is."

She had risen, and as he still sat staring blankly at her without a word, she gave a little nervous laugh as she sidled toward the door.

"It ain't perhaps jess the right thing for me to be comin' over this way," she said, "but pa 'n' ma don't know anything about it, an' I jess thought I'd do it jess all myself. An' you *won't* have any words again, *will* you? I'm afraid—I kind of s'picion that pa 'll be doin' something—doin' something to *him*" (she pointed to the dog) "if he comes over to our place. For pa's real riled, an' he isn't himself when he gets that way. Now, you *won't*, will you? Y' see, it's hard gettin' along with neighbor folks anyway—leastways, it is

for most people; but there ain't no kind of use jess settin' right out to be enemies. Don't you think so? Leastways, I don't see the good of it all. An' so I jess thought I'd come over to ask you not to. That's all. Good-night." And before Liscomb could get to his feet she had vanished through the doorway.

For a little while he sat in a manner dazed. A dozen years out of the world puts a man in a disadvantageous position, especially with women, and he was as powerless now to appreciate the aspects of the girl's visit as he had been to answer her when she stood before him. All he could say was summed up in the terse characterization, "What nerve!" and that he kept repeating to himself in a voice of awe.

But Nettie Luby's interposition did not open up a cordial communication between her family and Liscomb, nor, indeed, communication of any kind. The recluse kept as much to himself as he ever had, and exchanged scowls with Luby whenever they met with the heartiest reciprocity. He even went so far as to plant a row of bushes to cut off the view of the hateful Luby shanty, and this, had there been anything wanting, would have farther widened the breach. Mrs. Luby was greatly incensed at this flagrant insult, and declared Liscomb to be "nothin' but a stuck-up scamp keepin' shady fer fear o' the law." Luby himself was contented with recurring forcible opinion that Liscomb was a "stinker." But Nettie, although she could not but acknowledge herself roundly snubbed, held her peace.

Liscomb was not a man prone to petty annoyance. Almost daily there were openings for further war, but he asked nothing but to be let alone. And the Lubys, dimly perceiving at last that that was the only course left open to them, humored him. For months there was no more connection between the two shanties than if the rods which separated them had been leagues.

Within a very short time Luby himself was too much occupied to think of anything outside his own concerns. He broke ground and planted a crop of wheat, and single-handed he harvested it. So hard did he work that by the time winter set in the family was in what might be called a prosperous condition. The women had worked none the less hard, for the larger part of the furnishings of the shanty came from their hands, and there were clothes to be made and a garden to be attended to.

That winter was a particularly rigorous one, even for that hyperborean climate. Unused as they were to it, the Lubys suffered much. But perhaps it was not so much the severity of the weather they felt; whenever there was a blizzard, and there were many, they were snow-bound—absolutely cut off from everybody and everything. Some miles to the south of them there was a ranch where there were women, and with them Mrs. Luby had picked up acquaintance during the summer; but for months now even that limited society was unattainable.

The spring came late, and with its coming they found themselves entirely out of provisions and other supplies. The nearest town lying on the railroad thirty miles to the south, it became necessary to plan an expedition for the relief of their necessities; and upon this expedition it was decided that Mrs. Luby should accompany her husband. They were to be gone two days and a night, driving down in the covered wagon, and Nettie was to be left at the shanty alone with the infant Annie. Mrs. Luby, airing her morbid dislike for Liscomb, suggested that one of the Brown girls, from the ranch spoken of, be persuaded to come up and keep Nettie company, and, by virtue of her presence presumably, to discountenance and hold in check any annoyance which Liscomb might be ornery enough to contemplate during their absence. But the intrepid and independent Nettie guessed she could take care of herself, and Annie too, for that matter, and so the precaution was not taken.

Early in a May morning Luby and wife set out on their journey. Luby, as was his custom in the first hours of the day, was fractious and taciturn; and Mrs. Luby, with her husband's crossness, with the unusual excitement of the trip, with the burden of wearing her best in the way of clothes, and with the horrible conviction that she was in her normal state of forgetting something, was fairly beside herself. There was bustle and confusion. The luncheon was not in the wagon—oh yes, it was. Where were the cushions?—oh, there they were. They would never get away; and Annie would be sure to be taken sick; and could Nettie really manage alone?

But at last they were off, and as far across the prairie as eye could reach, Mrs. Luby's black bonnet could be seen bobbing out from the canvas covering of the wagon, while she threw kisses back with a fat hand in thread mitts. Then she wept a little, and her husband swore. And there was a tear on Nettie's cheek, too, as she stood holding the baby in the doorway of the little shanty and watched the ungainly wagon disappearing in the distance.

Tears, however, did not come easy to Nettie, and she soon had the baby squatted comfortably on the floor of the kitchen, while she herself began to clear away the remains of the hurried early breakfast. She hummed a little, and whistled a little, and was altogether light-hearted and brave. After all, the folks would only be away a day. And what was a day, she asked herself.

The infant Annie was at that age which amuses itself with whatever comes first to hand. Lacking a ball or a rattle or something with which to make a noise, she could quite contentedly play with the little fuzzy tassels on her knit boots, and thus she was no care to Nettie at all. The girl cleared away the rude crockery, and set the ruder furniture into prim order. Then she was sorry she did not have it all to do over again.

The door of the kitchen faced Liscomb's cabin, and Liscomb's bushes were not yet leafy enough to obstruct the view. It was for this twofold reason that when Liscomb himself came out with his gun and his dog he attracted the girl's attention. She stood in the doorway watching his figure receding to the westward. He was going for prairie-chickens, doubtless. And then she rather naturally reflected that if Liscomb had been any way a decent sort of man, she might have had a chicken for dinner.

But Liscomb must have changed his mind, for presently she saw him come back. He put down his gun, caught his hobbled bronco, which was grazing near by, and saddled it. Then he rode away. And not once had he looked toward her.

That he did not return again that day she was sure, because she watched. Probably it was merely because of her isolation that the man's actions interested her; she would have been equally interested in the movements of any other human being. And somehow she found it convenient to assure herself of this when wondering where he had gone.

There was an old horse in the Luby barn that was an object of veneration. He was too old to work, and he was the object of Nettie's affection the more because as a colt he had been her playmate. To this veteran she paid a visit during the course of the afternoon, and upon Pilot's sleek fat back the infant Annie passed a gleeful half-hour, the while Nettie held a one-sided but earnest conversation with him. But even this divertisement killed but little time, and the girl returned to the kitchen wearied with the trial.

She found some old agricultural papers carefully preserved by her father and began to read; but inasmuch as she had read them very thoroughly not once but many times during the long winter evenings, they did not afford any remarkable entertainment, and she fell asleep over an article to which she afterward owed her life.

When she awoke it was dusk. Little Annie was slumbering soundly and peacefully upon the sofa where she had been placed. It may have been the daze of the sudden awakening, but the girl felt that something strange had come upon her. The air was heavy and hard to breathe.

She went out upon the doorstep and scanned the heavens and the surrounding prairie. She could discern nothing unusual, and was about to turn back, when she caught sight of what looked to be a low bank of clouds far down in the southwest. She strained her eyes, but could make nothing more of it; it was formless, and seemed rather to be a thick haziness. She was in dread of tornadoes, yet she was quite sure that this was not a tornado. She had heard her father speak many a time of the signs which presage violent storms, and she had herself witnessed a tornado in the distance down in Iowa. And she was quite sure this was not a tornado. She would not worry herself about it anyway.

Without arousing little Annie, she went to the barn and fed Pilot, then milked the cow waiting patiently at one side of the small corral. Returning to the kitchen, she lighted a lamp and made ready the little evening meal. But even with this employment she could not throw off a feeling of foreboding.

The infant Annie was fretful, and inclined to be mischievous, and it was with some difficulty that she was restrained; but in the midst of her fretfulness she fell sound asleep, with her cheek pillowed on the table, and was promptly put to bed. Then the girl went out to the doorstep again and cast her eyes into the inky darkness.

Low down in the southwest there seemed to be a slight dull red reflection upon the sky; but what it was, or whether or not it was really a reflection, she could not tell. The slight breeze stirring was hot and dry. She was apprehensive, but not frightened—apprehensive, as one is who does not know in what the danger lies. Brave and self-reliant, she was willing to meet almost any terror; it was the uncertainty that alarmed her.

For some time she kept her gaze fixed upon that curious dull glow. At intervals it seemed to be brighter, yet she could not say that her eyes did not deceive her. All else was of ebon blackness.

At the end of a half-hour she turned in again, and sat her down to read. But that she could not do so long as the mysterious light lasted. Time and again she got up and went to the door, and always was there that unchanging thread of dull red.

At last, in sheer weariness, she put out the lamp and flung herself upon the sofa. She did not intend to sleep, and she removed none of her clothing. For a while she lay with wide eyes looking into the darkness—for hours, it seemed; and then she dozed and awoke, dozed and awoke. At last she was asleep.

The light on the horizon grew brighter and brighter, and gradually mounted the sky. A breeze started up, hot and gusty, and with it came a sound of crackling like the distant firing of musketry. And presently the horizon was marked by a line of livid fire. Before it came great volumes of smoke.

The girl started up, choking. For a moment she stood stiff with fright, but only for a moment. She rushed to the door, and cast her eyes out upon the sea of flame rapidly sweeping on toward her. Its edge was ragged, here swiftly, there more slowly, advancing, receding; dying out in places almost as suddenly as it leaped into existence, it yet came on with unyielding certainty, licking up everything before it. There were miles of it.

Amid the terrifying crackling of the dry wild grass she heard a scream of fright almost human. It was Pilot; and the beast's terror aroused her. She recalled what she had been reading that afternoon in the agricultural journal.

Without pausing a moment for further thought, she clutched her skirts and ran madly to the barn. She needed no light, for even the interior was brilliant as day. The aged brute was stamping and snorting, and was galled with the halter which held him. She passed quickly to his side, and put her hand upon his neck; even in his frenzy he seemed to know her, and to have confidence.

She got the plough harness from its peg and threw it upon him, and in a moment she had fastened the girth. Then she led him bridleless out to where the plough lay, and made fast the traces. She patted him gently.

"Now, Pilot—now, Pilot," she said.

With a mad plunge he was off.

In great billows of red and amber and orange the great sea of flame was coming onward. Ebb and flow, yet always onward. Here it seemed white like breaking surf, there flowing low and even like molten metal. And its breath withered and scorched.

From east to west, from west to east, old Pilot galloped. No stiffness was in him now. And behind him, stalwart and determined, her face lighted by the blaze, her ruddy hair flying disordered and burnished to a livelier glow, her strong young hands clutching the handles of the plough, the girl encouraged him, soothed him, with her clear ringing voice.

"Now, Pilot! now, Pilot!" she cried.

Leaping high into air, seething, hissing, eating its way voraciously through all, the great waves of fire swept on. It seemed impossible to stem the resistless flood. Yet she did not flinch. The furrows of black loam broadened to a wide band ready to curb. Old Pilot's hoofs glinted in his rapid flight, and his snorting arose even above the loud crackling and roar. Breathless, panting, sweating, and scorched, woman and beast kept on from east to west and from west to east. Now the fire was upon them. One last furrow, and it was over.

The mad flames leaped to the band of new-turned earth, licked the edge, and made as if to burst across. But it was useless. The mighty flood was checked. And the furrows ran not only past the Luby shanty, but far up beyond Liscomb's. She had forgiven him.

For a while the girl stood watching the flames, and when she saw that they were powerless she smiled softly to herself.

"Good Pilot! good Pilot!" she said, leaning her face up against the soft nose beside her.

And the aged animal whinnied.

Thus they stood when the sound of pounding hoof-beats came from the rear. A bronco, foam-flecked and wild-eyed, dashed up to the line of furrows. A man threw himself to the ground.

The girl turned and saw Liscomb.

He paused, and looked first to right, then to left. He perceived in a glance what work had been done. Then he approached her, coming quite close, without speaking. But his eyes said much. And before she could know, with a sudden movement he threw his arms about her and pressed his mouth to hers.

She pulled herself away, panting and furious. "How *dare* you!" she cried, every fibre of her militant. "Say, I'll—I'll—I'll *hit* you!" And before he could say a word she burst into fiery tears and fled to the shanty.

For a little while Liscomb gazed abstractedly at the doorway through which she had disappeared, and then he turned to contemplate the flames, still without seeming to notice. When he recalled himself there was nothing but the red ashes of the grass; far to the right and far to the left the fire still swept on, blown by the gentle breeze; but here all was over.

Mechanically he tramped along the edge of the furrows to his shanty. He did not seem to know, or care, that his bronco was gone. He seemed to see nothing. Sitting upon a bench by his doorway, he waited. But what he awaited he did not quite know.

It was not long before the dawn came, and with its coming he descried far out over the prairie a covered wagon driven at a rate of speed not altogether in keeping with its lumbering character. It was the Lubys, he conjectured, and he was in a short time made sure when it was driven up to the neighboring shanty. Luby sprang to the ground, Mrs. Luby tumbled out, and at the same instant Nettie appeared in the doorway. And the caresses of the ensuing five minutes were as good to him as if he had been within ear-shot.

After waiting until the reunited family had gone within, and for what seemed to him a decorous time thereafter, he bent his steps toward this shanty, the very sight of which he had always hated. No one seemed to notice his approach, and when he got to the open kitchen door he saw the three sitting about the table. Nettie alone caught sight of him. He beckoned her, and she came out.

"I want you to forgive me for what I did," he said. "You seemed offended—"

"I was worse—I was mad; an' I'm mad now."

"But it was only gratitude on my part. I didn't know what I did. I want you to forgive me. Will you?"

"Mebbe."

"Well, say you will."

"All right; I say it." She smiled subtly, and turned as if to go. "Anything more you want?" she added.

"Yes," he replied, flushing—probably at the proximity of others.

"Well, what?"

"You."

"*Me?* What for? When?"

"For my wife. Now. I love you, Nettie."

She laughed, but colored, too. "'Cause of the fire?" she asked.

The triviality he passed. "Will you be my wife?" he repeated, stubbornly.

"Well," she answered, looking into the distance, as if considering—"well, no, not jess yet awhile, I guess."

"Some time?" he persisted.

But instead of answering, she glanced quickly at the door, in response to the sound of a heavy footstep. Luby had come out, and stood with a shot-gun levelled.

"Young man," he said, in a harsh voice, "jess you light out. I've been a-waitin' for this 'ere chance, an' now I've got it. You're on *my* proputty now, an' the sooner you dig out fer home the wholer yer doggone skin 'll be, 'cause I'm goin' to pepper it 's full er holes as a sieve." He took a sight along the rusty barrel.

With the first word, Nettie was between them. She suffered her father to conclude, then she said, flushed with indignation: "Pa, how *dare* you interrupt my company! It's jess the first time I've ever had to blush fer you, an' I hope it's goin' to be the last. I'm tired of all this fuss an' foolin', an' there's goin' to be an end to it right now. The gentleman has asked me to get married. I said no, because I wasn't certain, an' now I'm jess goin' to say yes."

Luby, open-mouthed, lowered the gun.

IN SLEEP.

Not drowsihood and dreams and mere idless,
Nor yet the blessedness of strength regained,
Alone are in what men call sleep. The past,
My unsuspected soul, my parents' voice,
The generations of my forebears, yea,
The very will of God himself are there
And potent-working: so that many a doubt
Is wiped away at daylight, many a soil
Washed cleanlier, many a puzzle riddled plain.
Strong, silent forces push my puny self
Towards unguessed issues, and the waking man
Rises a Greatheart where a Slave lay down.

RICHARD BURTON.

STREET-CAR DRIVERS AND CONDUCTORS.

Of the wage-earners in the American cities there are few if any men who work harder and longer than the street-car drivers and conductors, and there are few who are less well paid. These are posts of some responsibility, and require much greater ability than that which suffices for ordinary labor. It would seem, therefore, that the field was not an attractive one, and that the companies would sometimes find it hard to get as many of the kind of men required as are needed. But such is not the case, for each of the superintendents has a long list of names of candidates waiting for appointment, while the list of substitutes is also generally full. The work of a driver is laborious and responsible. He needs to drive his horses, keep a sharp lookout for carriages and pedestrians, watch the sidewalks for passengers who wish to enter, and mind the conductor's bell to stop or go ahead. In busy and crowded streets this keeps him intensely occupied, always on a strain. And yet we never hear of these men being laid up with the modern fashionable disease, nervous exhaustion. The physical exercise and out-door life, together with the tough vigor of the class who take to this kind of work, probably save street-car drivers from this affliction. When the driver's line reaches a quiet part of the town or the suburb, his work is not nearly so hard, and in such places and at such times he is usually quite ready to have a chat with any front-platform passenger

that happens to be of a conversational bent. These drivers then show that they are very keen observers, and they generally also develop the kind of quick wit that has made the London cab and omnibus drivers famous. I have talked with several who exhibited great powers of imagination, that is, great powers considering that the men worked hard from ten to sixteen hours daily, and were not professional makers of fiction.

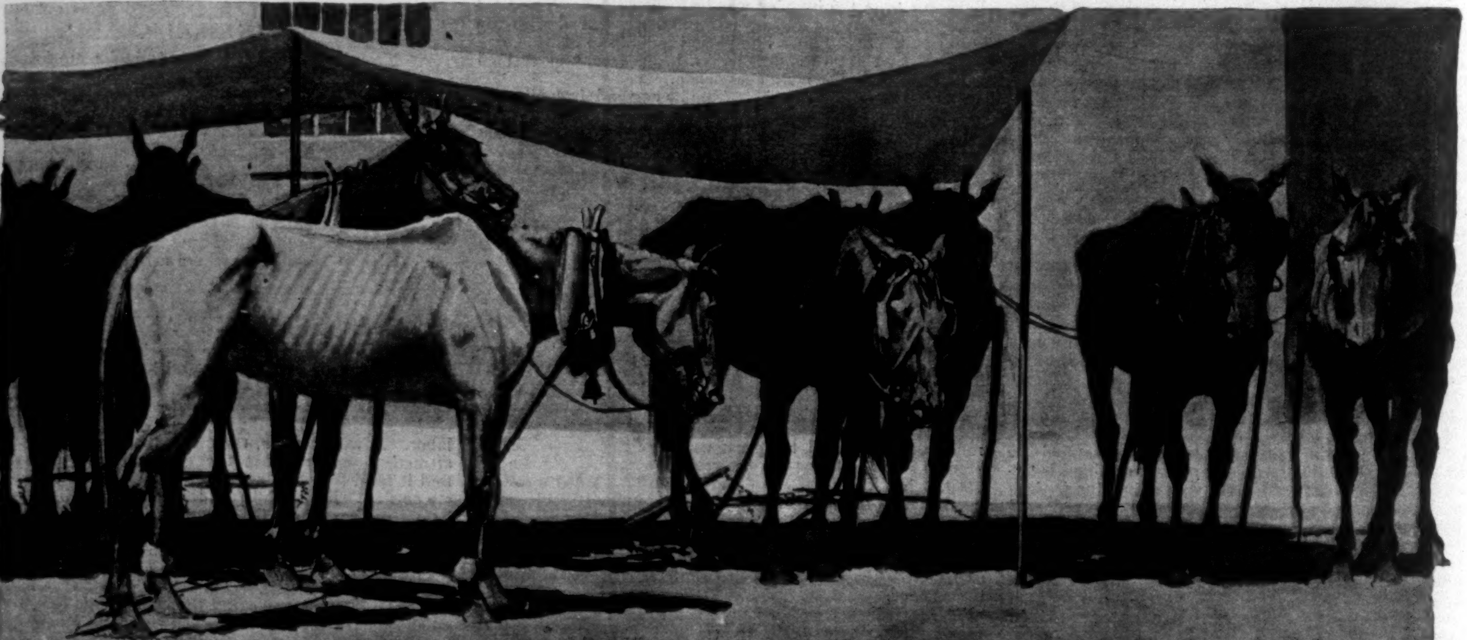
The street-cars run on schedule time, and many men and women live in the same methodical fashion. It therefore comes about that at certain hours the same men and women board the same car at the same place. The driver does not in a large city know these persons, of course. He gets to knowing their faces, and to knowing also something of their outgoings and incomings. As the driver knows nothing else but this, but is to a certain extent acquainted with the people, he fills up the large gaps between these sparse facts, and from his imagination constructs a more or less complete story for each one. As I have heard these related, some are amusing and some are pathetic, and when the habitual passenger happens to be a young lady, the story is often quite tender and pretty. There is a deal of sentiment beneath the rough coat of the street-car driver, and though his task be hard, he keeps up a cheery spirit and lightens his toil as best he can. When the cable becomes universal the driver will be changed into a gripman.

The conductor does not have to work physically as hard as the driver, but when business is brisk and the cars crowded he has as much to do as can be comfortably performed. To get his passengers on and off safely is no little undertaking; and then he must consider, too, the lame, the halt, and the blind. It would not do to hurt any of these unfortunates, and be it said to the credit of the conductors and drivers that few such persons are ever landed other than safely. To more agile persons, or persons who should be more agile, not nearly so much consideration is shown. And then the conductors have to contend with bewildered old ladies, and with cranks of both sexes. The old ladies who in the bustle lose their wits are usually shown every attention, but the cranks get short shrift, and mayhap they deserve it. To collect all of the fares and to ring them up is a very hard task, even when the conductor approaches it with the best possible intentions. It does not do to ask the same passenger twice for his fare, and this is rarely done. And then there are dishonest persons of both sexes, who prefer not to pay at all, even though the fare be only a paltry five cents. Sometimes such persons get to be known on a line, and then they are compelled to pay or be put off. I remember to have been in a car once when a very nice-looking, well-dressed woman of middle age got in. The conductor stopped in front of her. She looked in one pocket and another, but could find no purse. Her face got red. "I have lost my purse," she stammered. "Permit me, madam," said the gentleman next her, producing the lacking nickel. "See here, young feller," said the conductor, "she's a-beating her way. She does this every day or so." Of course the gentleman, who was not at all "a young feller," was dreadfully embarrassed, and to relieve this he quickly reached his destination. The woman rode on, however, and I have always believed that the conductor had not made a mistake.

The conductors, as to antecedents, are a very miscellaneous lot. Some of them, to be sure, have started their business careers as street-car conductors, and are either content or waiting for something better to turn up. But the majority have been, to use a railroad expression, side-switched into these positions. Here is a clerk who needed an out-door life, and there another, who, having lost his clerical position, sought this as a means of livelihood. Here is a tradesman who failed in business, and there a merchant who has bought and sold by wholesale and cut a figure on change. Professional men are also known in the ranks, and college-bred men, if a census were taken, would cut no small figure. I once knew a Harvard man to occupy such a position for many years, and I had his word for it that he rather enjoyed it. Before his professional education had been completed a reverse in his family's fortune made it necessary for him to earn his own support at once. It was work or starve with him. Nothing presented itself, and there was a strike on a street-car line. He offered himself and was accepted. He ran on the same line through the Bowery for three or four years. I often talked with him in his car long after midnight. His passengers were of various sorts—refined, only respectable, and criminal. In treating with these he developed three distinct manners. Now his manner was of the drawing-room, now he was only plain and blunt, and now again he was a very "tough." He told me that the latter manner enabled him to deal much more easily with the class of people from whom it was imitated. In his present position his surroundings are more congenial, if not quite so varied.

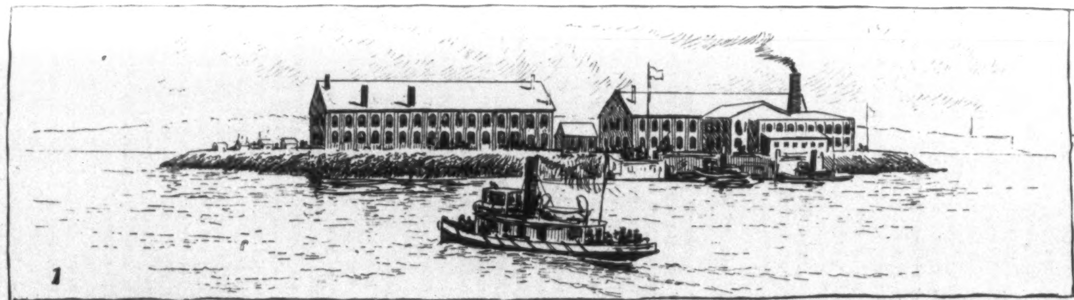
JNO. GILMER SPEED.

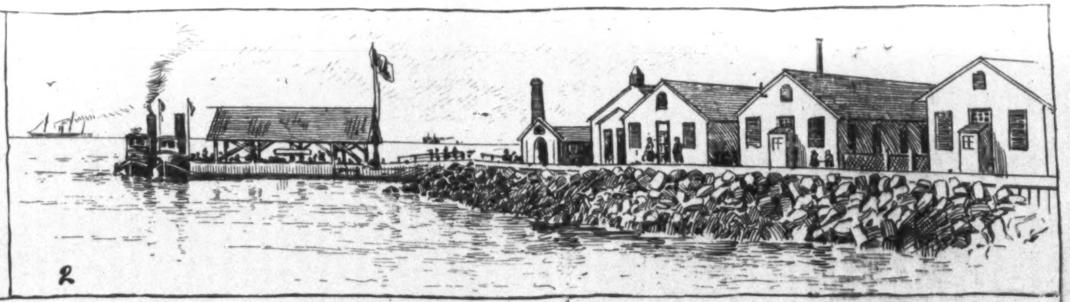
INSPECTION BY OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

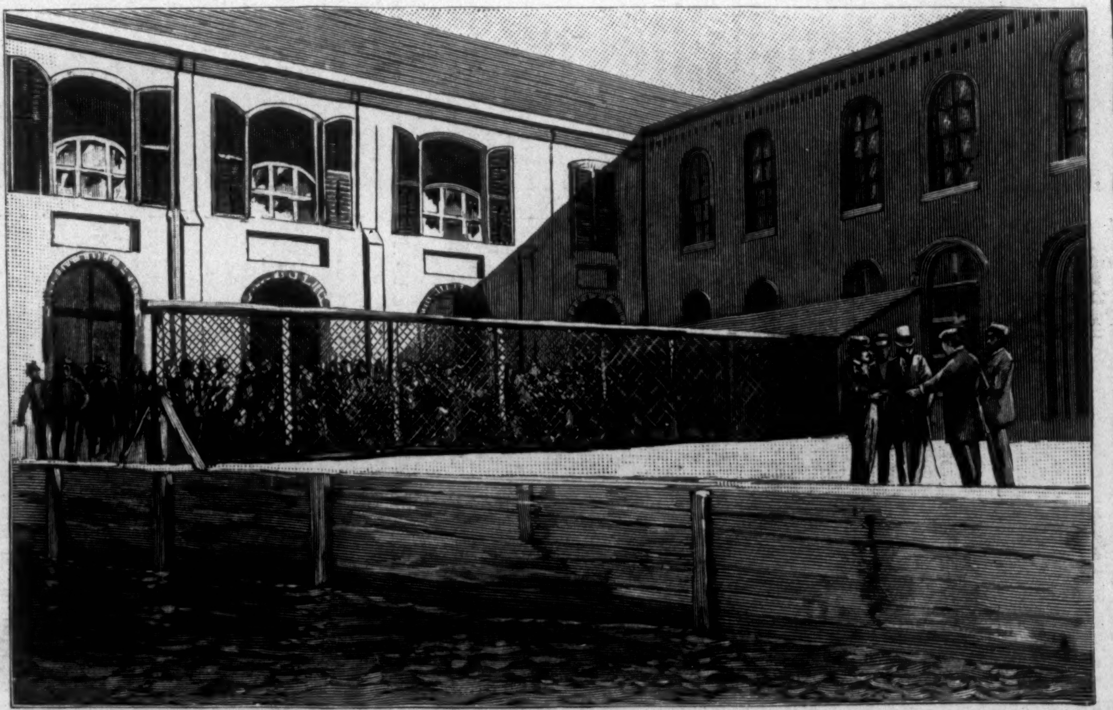


"LES MISÉRABLES."

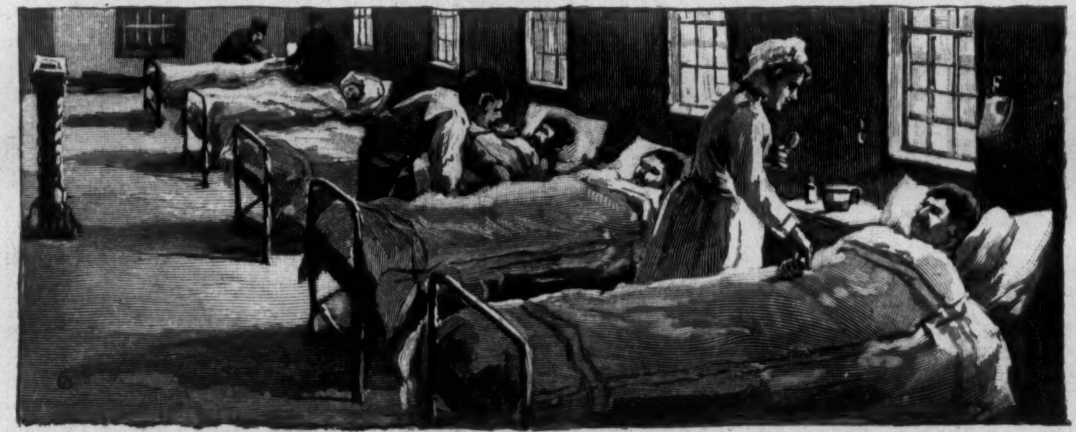
NEW YORK STREET-CAR HORSES DURING THE HOT WEATHER.







DR. JENKINS.—From a Photograph by Fredricks.



AT THE QUARANTINE STATION, NEW YORK HARBOR.—Drawn by Burns and Ashe.—[See Page 906.]

1. Hoffman Island. 2. Swinburne Island. 3. On board the Doctor Boat. 4. The Consultation of the Doctors on Hoffman Island. 5. Immigrants on the *Moravia*. 6. Hospital, Swinburne Island. 7. Disinfecting-Room, Hoffman Island.

THE WAR COLLEGE.

Among the few anecdotes told of the great Von Moltke, most of them resting, probably, on the airy foundations of line and barrack gossip, is one which appeals strongly to the imagination of naval and military men, and which goes, more or less lamely, this way: When the news of the declaration of the war between France and Germany was brought to him he turned over, it is said, on his camp bed in his room at the offices of the general staff, and yawned to his adjutant: "So, at last! Portfolio 2, drawer 3." Then, as tradition hastens to tell us, he turned the other way, and slept the sleep of the proverbially just until reveille called him. Portfolio 2, crowding drawer 3, contained the complete orders for the mobilization and the initiatory advance of the German army towards that part of the frontier which the particular season and circumstances demanded—otherwise it might have been Portfolio 3, drawer 2, for a dozen were ready.

In that happy salutatory, the other day, of Captain Mahan, at the opening of the War College, he told a similar story of another great strategist. I regret that this fine address of one of our foremost naval authorities cannot be given here in full; for it is a lay sermon, informed with a grace and depth well worthy of the writer, whose *Influence of Sea Power upon History* is everywhere accepted as the finest contribution yet made to naval science. "A few weeks before one of the earliest and most decisive of Napoleon's campaigns," said the captain, "his secretary, Bourrienne, entered the office, and found the general stretched on the floor with a large map before him. Scattered over the map, in what to Bourrienne seemed to be confusion, were a number of red and black pins. After a short silence, the secretary, who was an old school-day friend, asked Bonaparte what it all meant. The general laughed good-naturedly, called Bourrienne a fool, and said, 'This set of pins represents the Austrians—and this the French. On such a day I shall leave Paris. My troops will then be in such positions. On a certain day,' naming it, 'I shall be here,' pointing, 'and my troops will have moved there. At such a time I shall cross the mountains; a few days later my army will be here, and the Austrians will have done thus and so. And at such and such a date I will beat them—*here.*'

"Bourrienne said nothing; but a few weeks later, after the battle (Marengo, I think) had been fought, he was seated by the general's side in his military travelling carriage. The programme had been carried out, and when he recalled the incident to Bonaparte's mind, the general smiled at the singular accuracy of his predictions in this particular instance.

"'Whence came,' asks the chief of the War College, commenting upon the incident, 'the facility and precision with which Bonaparte planned the campaign of Marengo? Partly, unquestionably, from a native genius rarely paralleled; partly, but not by any means wholly. Hear his own prescription. 'If any man,' he says, 'will be a great general, let him study. Study what? Study history. Study the campaigns of the great generals—of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar' (none of whom ever smelled gunpowder, nor dreamed of armored vessels), 'as well as those of Turenne, of Frederick, and—of myself, Napoleon.'"

Out of these two stories drifts down to us a lesson which makes, to my mind, any apology for the War College unnecessary to thinking men. The object of naval and military armament is primarily the defence of the state; this, reduced to the simplest terms, means such a knowledge of war, and such a possession of war powers as will make the employment of force effective. Never before has the science of naval war been so important as in this age of sudden, sharp, and short action. To have the best army or navy, without the most highly developed minds to direct them, is a waste of energy, and that, surely, in these days of matchless progress, is a sin against civilization.

The necessity for the War College does not rest, as I take it, upon any presumed deficiency in the technical knowledge required for the material of the navy—for the supply of guns or powder or ships or engines; nor does it seek to furnish the education or experience demanded afloat by the duties of peace, by seamanship, navigation, drills, or discipline. War, for which navies exist, is, at the best, a remote contingency, and preparation for it does not always weigh upon the minds of men as it should. As a class, our officers do not think of it as a possible contingency, and in this they are like other men, who, in the absorption of present cares, take the chance of those that may not arise. And yet, as this possibility, however remote, is the *raison d'être* of a navy, the government must by its own initiative foster, and if necessary compel, the development and dissemination of ideas, of the lines of thought, and of the principles essential to the conduct of war.

Upon these ideas, then, the War College is based. What it looks like you may see in the illustration,* and for this very adequate building the navy owes a debt of gratitude in a large degree to Lieutenant-Commander Stockton, the executive officer. The class in attendance numbers twenty-two, all line officers necessarily, and belonging to the grades from commander to ensign. Two lectures will be given daily; and to show the scope of the work it may be sufficient to add that for the week just past the course included discussions upon the "Designing of War-ships, and the Effect of Injuries upon their Technical Qualities," by Naval-Constructor Woodward; "The Naval Militia," by Lieutenant Soley (retired); "Compass Errors and Compensations," by Lieutenant Diehl; and the "Morbific Influences affecting Seamen, their Causes, Sequences, and Prevention," by Surgeon Siegfried. Among the lecturers are two army officers of high reputation, and it is expected that a special course on international law will be given by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. J. R. Soley.

In the turmoil of these days, when two of our greatest citizens have been taken from us, when the sea-borne threat of cholera menaces our coast, and the country seems to wallow in the barbarities of pugilism, it is pleasant to turn to the reopening of the War College as one element of good in the general misfortune. Though it cannot be claimed by the whole navy as its creation, for it has been scoffed at and derided, yet the service will be the first to recognize its usefulness, and to ask its proper recognition by Congress. To Rear-Admiral Luce, to Commodore Walker, to Captain Mahan, and to Assistant Secretary Soley belong the credit of its existence. Indeed, in his address, Captain Mahan said these words, which the navy will do well to remember in the future: "To the Assistant Secretary, under the Secretary himself, it is mainly due that a start this year has been made at all. He has been in past years and from the very origin of the college closely connected with it, both by sympathy with its ideas, and especially as a most able lecturer upon international law."

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

* An illustration of the college was published in the Weekly, No. 1842, of April 9th, and a portrait of Rear-Admiral S. B. Luce in the Weekly, No. 1670, of December 22d, 1888.

CHOLERA IN NEW YORK BAY.

When this paper went to press the plague had arrived from Europe, and had been in the outer bay of New York for more than ten days, but cholera had not found lodgement ashore. In a previous issue of the Weekly the course usually taken by cholera—which to some extent always exists in Asia—when it gets into eastern Europe and starts on a westward march, was traced, and it was shown that the only possible chance that this country had to escape the ravages of this dread disease was by a wise and vigilant quarantine of all the ports of the country. The port of New York, to which more than ninety per cent. of foreign emigrants come, is of more importance than all the rest of the American ports combined. The quarantine of the port of New York is in charge of a commission appointed by the Governor of New York, and the chief executive officer of this commission is Dr. William T. Jenkins, a native of Mississippi, and in age a little past forty years. He was recently appointed to this very important position, and before the importation of cholera had been called upon to repel a threatened invasion of typhus, which came as cholera has come, with immigrants from Russia. During July and August the cholera, which first appeared on the Caspian Sea, spread gradually over Russia, and got a foothold in Germany, France, and Austria. Before the end of August cholera in an aggravated form had broken out in Hamburg, a city of about 360,000 population, on the river Elbe at its junction with the Elster, and sixty miles from the sea. From Hamburg come to this country a large percentage of the Russian and Polish emigrants, and there is a large fleet of steamers belonging to the Hamburg-American Packet Company plying between the German city and New York. The smaller of the ships of this line carry few except steerage passengers, but the large boats, such as the *Normannia* and the *Columbia*, touch at Southampton, in England, and usually carry a full complement of saloon passengers.

In August a number of Russian Jews arrived in Hamburg to take passage for America. It was found that there was cholera among them. No announcement was made of this fact by the public authorities of Hamburg, but the infected persons and those suspected of infection were isolated in a camp above the city and on the banks of the Elbe, into which the drainage from the camp emptied. The water for drinking and cooking in Hamburg comes from the Elbe. In a little while there were cases of cholera in Hamburg, and among the regular residents of the city. These cases were also concealed by the authorities, and it was not known in Hamburg till the plague had become epidemic that cholera had reached that town. On the 17th of August the *Moravia*, a two-masted steamer of the Hamburg line, sailed from that city with 385 steerage passengers, and she brought with her a clean bill of health from the American consul, who certified that when the ship sailed there were no infectious or contagious diseases prevailing in Hamburg. The American consul was deceived, like the rest of the world. The *Moravia* arrived in the lower New York Bay Tuesday night, August 30th, and the next morning she had anchored near the Quarantine Station on Staten Island, and close by several other ships that arrived during Tuesday night.

When the health officer boarded the *Moravia*, he was blandly told by the captain and the ship's surgeon that the boat had a clean bill of health, and that they were in a hurry to get into the ship's dock. An examination of the surgeon's report showed that there had been twenty-four cases of "cholerine" and twenty-two deaths during the voyage. The health officer at once ordered that the *Moravia* should steam to lower Quarantine, in the outer bay. A little examination showed that the "cholerine" on the *Moravia* was Asiatic cholera of the most fatal type, as ninety per cent. of those attacked died, and died quickly after showing the first symptoms. When fifty per cent. of those attacked by cholera succumb, the disease is considered to be very virulent. It is unlikely that those on the *Moravia* had proper nursing or medical attention. The doctor had not even taken the temperature of those who were ill.

When on Wednesday afternoon it was announced that there was cholera on a ship in the bay, there was a good deal of excitement in New York and the rest of the country. The President of the United States, who was visiting Mr. Whitelaw Reid in Westchester County, New York, hurried to Washington. The next day he issued a proclamation declaring that all ships sailing from infected ports after the date of the proclamation should be kept in quarantine for twenty days after their arrival in any port of this country.

During the next forty-eight hours there were many arrivals of ships, and all of those from Europe were detained a longer time than is usual, and the examinations were less perfunctory than at ordinary times and when the surgeon reports that all on board are well. But there were no new cases. Meantime the Board of Health in New York and the civic authorities were bestirring themselves to fight the plague should it get ashore. Streets were flushed with water and disinfected, and the Board of Health issued rules by which people should be guided in their efforts to prevent taking the cholera. At Quarantine, where the health officer had an entirely inadequate force of assistants, every one appeared to be overworked, but Dr. Jenkins seemed always to be cheerful, and full of hope that he would succeed in keeping the plague out of the city.

On Saturday, September 3d, three more ships of the Hamburg-American line arrived in the lower bay. These were the *Normannia*, the *Rugia*, and the *Stubbenhuk*. The last of these boats, with 232 steerage passengers aboard, was free from infection, but the *Rugia*, which had sailed from Hamburg on August 21st with 98 cabin and 436 steerage passengers on board, and had touched at Havre two days later, reported several deaths from cholera at sea. And the *Normannia*, which had sailed from Hamburg August 26th, and Southampton August 27th, and which carried 488 cabin passengers and 482 steerage passengers, also had had cholera deaths at sea. Among the cabin passengers on this ship were many prominent New York people. All the deaths on both ships were in the steerage. That day there was also another death on the *Moravia*. The State of New York owns two islands in the lower bay, and these are used for quarantine purposes. To Hoffman Island the steerage passengers from the infected ships were taken and bathed while the ships were being disinfected. To Swinburne Island were taken those who were sick with the cholera, or suspected of infection. What was to be done with the cabin passengers on the *Normannia* and the *Rugia* became at once a serious question. Just here the foresight of the quarantine authorities appears to have been very greatly at fault. Here were nearly six hundred well people shut up in infected ships on which deaths from the infection were of daily occurrence, with the only water aboard that from the polluted Elbe. For many days there was no practical solution of this problem, and from the ships came daily pathetic appeals for help and indignant protests against what the imprisoned passengers thought official heartlessness and incompetency. Both appeals and protests were but natural. Among the passengers signing these protests were United States Senator McPherson, of New Jersey; Mr. E. L. Godkin, editor of the New York *Evening Post;* the Rev. Richard D. Harlan, of New York; and Mr. A. M. Palmer, the well-known theatrical manager. The mails that came by the *Normannia* were fumigated by the quarantine authorities, and delivered at the New York Post-office. Lottie Collins, the dancer and singer, who has made famous the song "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," was also among the *Normannia's* passengers. She has received much free advertising in consequence, but as she loses the $200 a night which she was to have received for every night she sang, it is somewhat trying.

A large fleet arrived on Sunday, but there was no infection on any of these. *La Bourgogne*, as coming from an infected port, was detained four days. During the day there were two deaths in the lower bay on the *Normannia*, one on the *Rugia*, and one on the *Moravia*. In his visit that day to the *Normannia*, Dr. Jenkins threatened the cabin passengers who tried to communicate with the shore by letters or telegrams thrown to tugs with a full twenty days of quarantine.

On Monday, September 5th, the record on the ships in the lower bay and on Swinburne Island was three deaths and six new cases. The deaths were a member of the *Normannia's* crew, a steerage passenger on the *Rugia*, and a child from the *Normannia's* steerage on Swinburne Island. There were no arrivals of infected ships. There were consultations between Secretary-of-the-Treasury Foster and Dr. Jenkins as to the disposition of healthy passengers on infected ships, but no conclusion was arrived at. Around the infected ships was placed a police patrol. The Superintendent of Police explained to the river police patrol that volunteers were needed for this service, and that those who went on it would be cut off from their families and from all connection with the shore until the emergency was ended. Then he asked for volunteers to step one pace forward. As one man every man in the patrol stepped to the front, so he had to make his selections after all. Dr. John M. Byron, the bacteriological expert, had gone to Swinburne Island the day before to take charge of the hospital, and conduct an investigation of the cholera germs. He too will be shut off from the rest of the world so long as there are any cholera cases on the island.

The record of Tuesday was one death and twelve new cases in the lower bay. The cholera seemed to have got hold of the crew of the *Normannia*, for four of those stricken that day were in the forecastle of this ship, still crowded with cabin passengers. Secretary Foster offered to Dr. Jenkins the government reservation on Sandy Hook as a camp of refuge for these passengers, but Dr. Jenkins arrived at no decision as to accepting it. The next day eight more of the *Normannia's* crew were stricken and two of the *Rugia's* steerage, but there were no deaths. Dr. Jenkins this day said that he preferred Fire Island, where there is a summer hotel and cottages, for the healthy passengers of the *Normannia* and *Rugia*. Nothing was, however, done on Wednesday to advance the matter. Provision was made, however, to prevent cholera-infected ships from coming into New York by the way of Long Island and through Hell Gate. On Thursday there were four deaths and ten new cases, six of the new cases being members of the *Normannia's* crew. This day Mr. Pierpont Morgan announced to Dr. Jenkins that he had purchased the steamboat *Stonington*, on which the passengers of the *Normannia* and other ships could be taken. Dr. Jenkins accepted the boat, and she at once started to New York to be fitted up for her new service. She was ready for the reception of the passengers by Saturday morning. The hulk of the old war-ship *New Hampshire* was also put at Dr. Jenkins's disposal, and she too had been fitted out by Sunday morning. The record of Friday was one death at Swinburne Island, two deaths on the Guion line *Wyoming*, which had arrived Tuesday evening from Liverpool, and had been since then lying at upper Quarantine, and another case among the crew of the *Normannia*. The *Wyoming* was now sent to the lower bay to join the infected fleet. During the day negotiations were in progress for the purchase, in behalf of the State, of the summer hotel property on Fire Island. Work was also begun at Sandy Hook, at the expense of Mr. Austin Corbin, and under direction of Dr. Hamilton and Engineer Jacobs, to make a camp for healthy passengers.

On Saturday morning the worst infected ship of all arrived. This was the *Scandia*, of the Hamburg-American line. She sailed from Hamburg on the 28th of August, with 28 cabin and 981 steerage passengers, and a crew of 77. On the way over there were 32 deaths, and when the ship arrived in the lower bay there were seven sick. These were taken to Swinburne Island. That day two of the sick died, and there were two new cases. There were no other new cases in the cholera fleet. Late in the afternoon the cabin passengers from the *Normannia* were taken aboard the *Stonington*, which laid in the lower bay off the spit of Sandy Hook all night. During the day the negotiations for the purchase of the summer hotel property were completed, and Mr. Sammis, the owner, agreed to take $210,000. Governor Flower personally advanced $50,000 of the purchase price, and personally guaranteed the payment of the balance in six months. Sunday morning President Wilson went to Fire Island to complete the contract and make the first payment. He was met there by a committee of 150 from Islip to protest against the use of Fire Island for quarantine purposes. These men from the neighborhood threatened to burn the hotel property rather than have it used for quarantine purposes. During Sunday the first money of the purchase price was paid to Mr. Sammis, and the State acquired the title of Mr. Sammis's 125 acres.

Meantime the *Stonington*, with the cabin passengers of the *Normannia* aboard, had been declared unseaworthy, and about half of them were transferred to the iron steamboat *Cepheus*. The *Cepheus* went to Fire Island, but the local pilot was intimidated by the Islip men, and refused to bring the steamboat in, so she sailed back to the lower bay. So far as comfort goes, the *Normannia* passengers are worse off than ever.

The fact that no cases have broken out among the cabin passengers of the *Normannia* is very reassuring, as it indicates that by cleanliness and careful living the infection may be avoided.

AMATEUR SPORT

If any demonstration was needed to prove the utter uselessness of the Metropolitan Association under its present system of government of the Amateur Athletic Union, it must have been furnished by the championships held last Saturday on Manhattan Field. About ninety clubs compose the Metropolitan Association; eleven of them were represented on the championship programme; the entries of three of these failed to appear, while another sent down a re-instated professional sprinter, who has no more business on an amateur track than any other professional. There were 135 entries—103 contributed by the New York and Manhattan Athletic clubs, 57 starters, and 64 officials. These figures are not presented for the purpose of publishing the association's misfortunes, but to lend emphasis to the protest that is "standing matter" in this department against spoiling what might otherwise be a useful body by filling the membership with a lot of so-called athletic clubs that never give games, are formed solely for the purpose of giving slugging matches, and are a moral and financial drag to any association. At this present moment upward of fifty of these clubs have not paid the Association's $15 assessment past due, and why the opportunity is not seized to drop members more detrimental than otherwise is hard to say. Clear-headed governors must see that such an end is inevitable, and the sooner the Association shakes itself free of this element the quicker it will turn the long lane. Being in somewhat of a retrospective mood last Saturday, I spent the waits, which were much longer than they should have been between events, looking over the spectators, and comparing them with those of a few years ago; it seemed like a different sort of people; here and there were a few of the kind we see now only at college games, but the *tout ensemble* was disappointing to me, at least, who am a lover of amateur athletics in the purest sense. The orchestra is giving way steadily to the gallery, taking just that amount of needful support with it; and since the orchestra contains the parents of many of our best athletes, it will certainly follow in due time that they also will be found wanting. Like begets like, so sure as grass grows and water runs, and if the Metropolitan or any other athletic association persists in filling up its membership with the gallery, it must not expect to attract the orchestra.

The sport furnished on Saturday was quite the poorest of any championship held in this vicinity. Few of the tip-top men are in condition so soon after the summer's outing to make a good performance, and this event ought to be a mark for the host of men who make the grand tour of summer games. These championships are really of so little athletic importance it would well pay the association to hold them on Labor day, when the entry would be larger, probably of equal quality, and the gate receipts certainly more gratifying.

Young Allen, N.Y.A.C., had no difficulty in winning both the 100 and 220 sprints in 10⅗ and 23 seconds. Harding just finished strong enough in the 100 to beat Tommy Lee, who got the place in the 220. Yale's football centre, Sanford, was third, but protested, as a non-resident. He is very lively for a big man.

How Puffer has improved over the hurdles! One can easily remember him a couple of years ago being beaten yards by Copland, and on Saturday, in the 120 yards, he ran away from not only the ex-champion, but also from Morrell, who is one of the best to-day, and made a record of 16 seconds.

Downs and Turner will have the middle distances at their mercy this year. Remington and Dohm appear to have quit, and Jewett, of Detroit, will hardly forsake the sprints, in which he has a good chance of winning, for the quarter, where he is sure to be beaten by Downs.

Although Conneff was clearly out of condition in the mile, Walsh, who beat him in 4.32⅗, is a good man, and capable of much improvement; he is likely to be a dark horse at the national championships.

Day ran well in the 5 miles, and the impression grows on me that if he had Conneff's pluck along with his own speed he would, October 1st, defeat the M. A. C. man, who seems to me far from himself.

Mitchell and Gray have no equals in the world in their specialties.

The pole vault was a farce, and the broad jump pretty poor, Goff winning with 21 ft. 9¼ in. Sweeney, of the Xavier A.A., is a comparatively new man at the high jump, and a good one, his 6 ft. ½ in. was done rather easily.

The bicycle riding of Arthur A. Zimmerman, of the New York Athletic Club, since his return to this country can be described only as marvellous. In fact, his has been one ride of continuous triumph; he has won at all distances, and from the fastest men in America. This of itself would be honor enough for most men, but Zimmerman is no ordinary athlete. Last week he made world's records for 2, 3, 4, and 5 miles respectively—4.37⅘, 7.15⅕, 9.41, 12.00⅖, rode one mile, flying start, in 2.06⅘, which is faster than Nancy Hanks's great mile on a regulation track, and covered a quarter mile in 27 seconds, flying start, the phenomenal side of which may be appreciated when it is known that the fastest quarter on record for a horse is 29¼ seconds, made by Sunol.

Never has there been such a bicycling year, such wonderful riding, and so complete a collapse of records believed beyond reach. Zimmerman, Windle, Taylor, Berlo, Tyler, and Smith (Geo. C.) are names that will live always on bicycling annals. We shall publish portraits of these men in a week or two.

Apropos of bicycling, who would have thought a few years ago that we should live to see polo on wheels. We thought the limit had been reached when the game was played on roller skates, but it has remained for a couple of ingenious young sportsmen at Lawrence, Long Island, to introduce the safety bicycle into the game. While this was done probably for mere sport, without a thought as to its future bearing on the game, it seems to open a new field for the wheel, and what is still more to be desired, for the bicycle is already popular enough, to bring the great game of polo within the reach of all those who now, because they cannot afford a couple of mounts, are kept from enjoying it; of course there would have to be some change of rules, and a change of mallets, but it would be polo, and I see no good reason why it should not meet with great favor. It would require skill and nerve, and who will say that a polo match with four wheels on a side would not be an interesting contest to watch and draw the people.

The Amateur Athletic Union is fortunate indeed in having such generous publishers as the Messrs. A. G. Spalding & Brothers. The A.A.U. hand-book recently put forth by that firm is, inside and outside, the most elaborate of its athletic publications. It contains all the latest rules of the A.A.U., and is in fact a complete compendium of the many sports governed by that body. This book, together with Wright & Ditson's little manual on tennis, should be in the library of every one interested in amateur sport.

The yachting season of '92 is being closed this week by the special races for schooners given by the Larchmont Yacht Club on Tuesday, 13th, while we are on the press, and by the New York Yacht Club on the 15th. These events are sure to prove as interesting as was the Corinthian Club's special for the 46-footers. *Lasca*, *Alcæa*, *Merlin*, *Marguerite*, have each a bone to pick with the other, and should *Volunteer* be entered it will be picked particularly clean. *Alcæa* has not shown form as yet good enough to make her a possibility, but the race between the others should prove a fitting close to a year that has once again brought the schooner into favor.

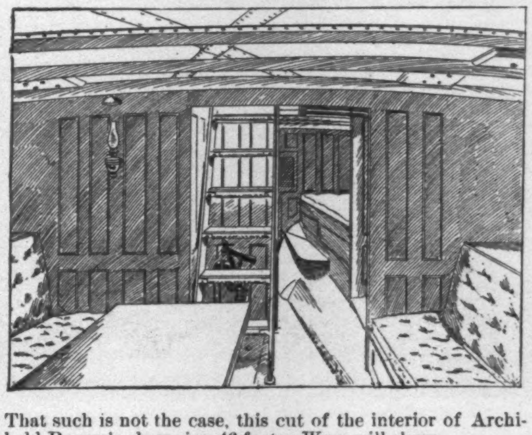
The Larchmont Club had its autumn regatta last Saturday in a fair easterly wind, and *Shamrock* was just in her element. She went over the course at a lively gait, defeating *Iroquois* on actual time. *Azalea* (J. Clinch Smith) and *Viator* (W. G. Brokaw) have managed to stir up a tremendous amount of rivalry; there is very little difference between them, and whenever they meet a rattling race is certain to ensue. Saturday *Azalea* won by about five minutes. The greatest interest at Larchmont, however, was confined to the 25-rater class. A new fin-keel member, *Namadjy* (W. H. De Forest), made her appearance, but did not succeed in wresting the laurels from *El Chico*, the leader of the class, or even from *Pyxie*, which is second.

It is earnestly to be hoped the cable in Friday morning's New York *Times*, that Lord Dunraven intends building an 80-ton cutter, and challenging for the *America's* Cup, is not another of the many rumors which have reached us from England these last three years. We have had rumors galore, but up to date no challenge, and, sad to relate, no race. We heard quite a bit from Lord Dunraven, too, last year or year before. He was coming after that cup; but we have yet to see him or his boat.

Should Emperor William, indeed, send over the royal yacht *Meteor* (the old Scotch *Thistle* that *Volunteer* defeated here in '87 in the races for *America's* Cup), it would give us an international race worthy our World's Fair year.

Certain it is if we do not have a race for the *America's* Cup pretty soon, yachting will suffer a great set back in this country. No sport can live without the stimulus of public interest, and at present the public has no more interest in yachting than it has in the politics of Iceland. An international contest is the thing to stir up the national blood, and make every man with a sporting vein in his body study the cut of a bow or the set of a topsail. But there is no hope of any contest for the *America's* Cup so long as the New York Yacht Club persists in declaring the inviolability of George L. Schuyler's Deed of Gift, with its ungenerous dimension clause. The Britons are eager to make one more attempt to get back the Cup we took away from them forty-one years ago, but they will not send a challenge so long as they are obliged to give anything beyond their boat's water-line length and rig. That is all we have any right to ask them, and the sooner the New York Yacht Club goes back to the deed under which the *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer* won their superb victories, the sooner we shall have a new opportunity to prove that we are indeed the yachting champion of the world.

There is a popular impression that below deck on a racing 46-footer there is hardly space enough to turn around.



That such is not the case, this cut of the interior of Archibald Rogers's champion 46-footer *Wasp* will show.

Coast-wise yachtsmen are usually too much occupied with their own affairs to take any interest in yachting on the Great Lakes, and yet there are an astonishing number of craft on those inland fresh-water seas, and there are many very competent sailor-men and much good racing both in Canadian and American waters. In Canada the St. Lawrence, Royal Hamilton, and Royal Canadians show a collective fleet of some two hundred sail, and on their list are a number of racing cracks. Fife has sent them some of his best designs. Their own yards have turned out some very fast craft, and on looking over their lists one sees such names as that very successful Cary Smith schooner *Oriole*, *Cinderella*, by the same designer, and *Papoose*, which, all things considered, is perhaps the most successful vessel ever designed by Mr. Burgess. And in competition with the Scotch, English, and Canadian designs it is gratifying to note that these transferred Yankees hold their own remarkably well. On our side of the lakes, too, there are plenty of clubs—Lake Champlain, Oswego, Buffalo, Toledo, Cleveland, and Chicago—and good fleets of boats. These lake yachtsmen do a great deal of racing, and as the lakes are apt to be unruly sheets of water, and as there is no inside sailing, even a Marblehead brought-up man would often be forced to confess that, as Captain Ellsworth once put it, "it had aired up" too much for racing.

A great deal of ingenuity is being shown just now in the designing of small cruising boats. There are scores of excellent yachtsmen who do not care for racing, and cannot afford a large boat. Previous to the last two or three seasons such men contented themselves with open boats of the cat or jib and mainsail kind, and if they happened to be caught out in a calm, made the best of it in the open air. Now, however, the fashion is changing, and the decked boat with some accommodations is rapidly coming into use. The Cape Cod cabin cats are a very good and popular type, and so are the Herreshoff cat yawls. But the most available boat of this sort which has appeared up to date is a variety produced by a builder in Rhode Island, who has taken a leaf out of the Herreshoff book, so far as full water-line and long overhanging spoon-ends go, and adopted the cat-yawl rig with the addition of a small jib. A boat of this kind, which belongs to Mr. Adams, of the Larchmont Yacht Club, is thirty feet on the water-line, draws four feet with some outside lead, has a centre board, and six feet of head-room in her cabin. This craft is hung so as to handle perfectly well as a cat-boat, and can be managed by one man. Under such conditions she goes to windward as well as the ordinary cat, or, if it be required to put her under short sail, the mainsail can be lowered, and she handles perfectly well under the jib and mizzen. From her form she is easy in a seaway, and while not cut off from many harbors by too much draught, has enough of low weight for safety in a squall. In short, this type of boat seems to be the best compromise yet evolved, and will furnish much sport to her owner.

Everybody has heard of the sand-baggers—cats or jib and mainsail boats that sail very fast, and depend for stability on shifting ballast. The racing St. Lawrence skiff is not so well known, but it is sailed in the same way, except that the shifting ballast is men instead of sand. Both of these types have practically killed racing in their classes, for the reason that a good boat, with a well-trained crew which is kept together and given plenty of practice, is more than a match for all boats of its size, and frequently beats boats of much greater water-line length. No pleasure sailing is possible in such boats, as they are greatly over-rigged for ordinary sailing, and without a big crew of trained men they are even dangerous. The skiff *St. Lawrence* for two years has practically won all the honors of the Skiff Racing Association. Recently five of the leading skiff sailors on the St. Lawrence met, and mutually agreed that next year they would build and race boats of one length, depending for stability on lead—fin keel or some such device—and with crews of two or three, instead of five or six, as is the custom at present. Such boats can be built so that they are safe at all times, non-capsizable, and easily handled by two men. Racing in them will be a test of scientific seamanship, and not simply a question of "beef" to windward, as now. More than this, the boats are easily got under way, and are suitable for afternoon pleasure sailing as well as racing. It is only a question of time when the sand-bagger will travel the same road as the racing skiff.

The team of Irish amateur cricketers now touring this country has been chosen by Captain J. M. Weldon. In addition to the skipper, the following names present a somewhat formidable array, although the absence of Ireland's crack wicket-keeper, Mr. Browning, will doubtless be severely felt: C. L. Johnson, A. Penny, F. F. Kilkelly, J. W. Hynes, E. R. Thompson, B. Hamilton, M. Gavin, and T. Considine. The tour will include New York, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia, and Canada. Much interest will be felt in the matches between the Irish visitors and the gentlemen of Philadelphia, since the Irishmen have been somewhat unfortunate in their past matches with their skilful Quaker City rivals, and their want of success will doubtless stimulate them to renewed exertions in order to turn the tables on their old conquerors. In spite of the intense rivalry between these two teams, there exists the friendliest feeling—a feeling cemented by the honorable conduct displayed by the Irish gentlemen during the last match played by them on American soil.

On the occasion referred to the Irish captain could have averted defeat by instructing his men to "play for a draw" (a perfectly legitimate plan); but he, preferring to play the match out, win or lose, sent his men in with almost unnecessary haste, and, it is needless to say, lost the game, while he won the admiration of friends and foes alike by his sportsmanlike conduct.

The Irishmen's play at Boston, where they defeated All New England, is hardly so good as they will do once they have got off their sea-legs, but it rather looks as though All Philadelphia will win without a great deal of trouble.

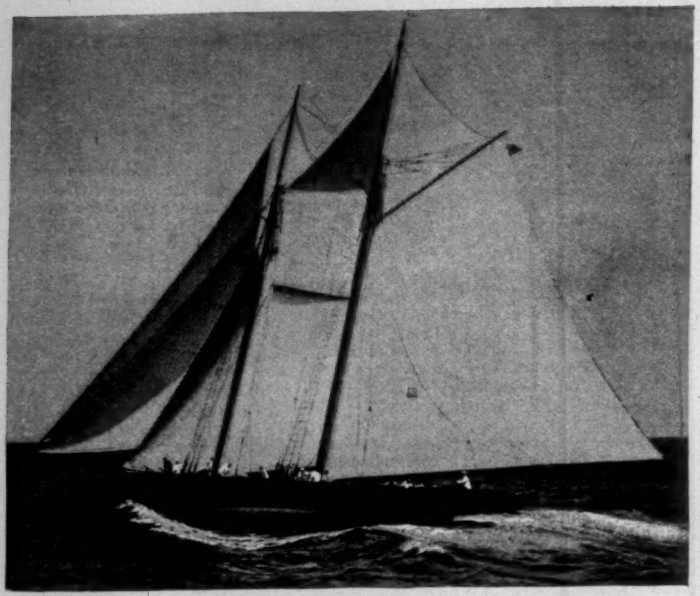
It is to be hoped All Philadelphia has profited by the sad experience of the defeat by Lord Hawkes's second-rate English players, and that there will be no juggling with the make-up of the eleven at the last hour, nor late dancing the night before the match.

The Football Advisory Committee has at last realized, and the Association as well, that it should be the rule, and not the referee, which insures a *bona fide* try-at-goal. For two years we have seen on almost every football field goal-kickers intentionally sending the ball wide of the mark, and the referee engaged in the pleasant task of guessing whether the man meant to miss or not. Such a state of affairs was absurd, and should have been corrected last year instead of only tampered with. The rule which now will undoubtedly be passed is to the effect that whether a man misses or kicks the goal, the ball thereupon is returned to the centre of the field. Nor will there be any more punting out for the pretending catcher to drop just before the goal. If he drops the ball once, the punt must be made over again, and if he drops it on the second trial, his opponents have the kick off at the centre of the field. It will be surprising how the accuracy of goal-kickers and the steadiness of punt-catchers will improve under this salutary legislation.

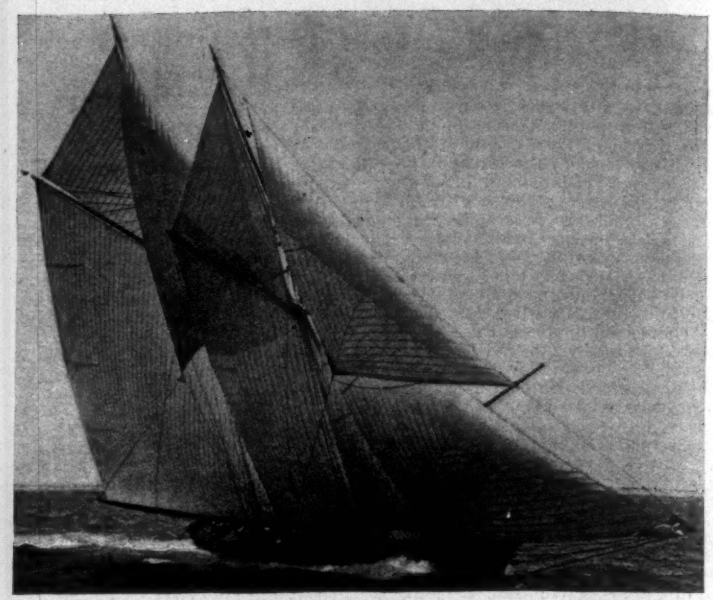
And, best of all, we shall see no more coaching from the side lines. Last year Captain Warren, of Princeton, was informed by Referee Brooks that he would not permit any more coaching of this kind. Captain McClung, of Yale, was told by Referee Moffat that it made no difference whether he was captain or not, so long as he was not playing, he must let his men alone; and Captain Trafford was also informed by the same referee that Messrs. Stewart and Adams had done all the coaching he should permit. Now, as a matter of fact, no referee could have enforced his ruling upon this point, so far as the code then governing such practices was concerned, for there was no rule to prevent coaching. The proposed regulation is that after a warning, the coacher shall be relegated to a position behind the ropes, where the brilliancy of his ideas will be toned down by the frantic enthusiasm of several less learned but quite as energetic shouters of indiscriminate advice.

Caspar W. Whitney.

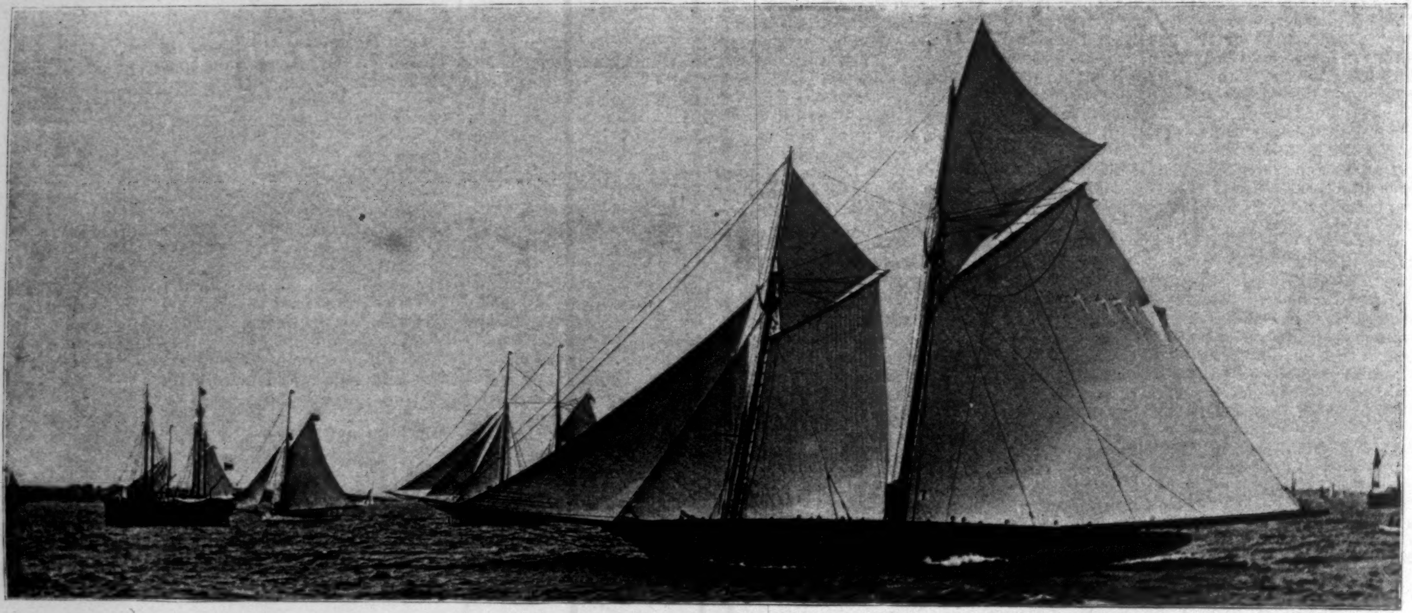
"HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO."—By William Blaikie.—Illustrated.—Price, $1 00.—Published by Harper & Brothers.



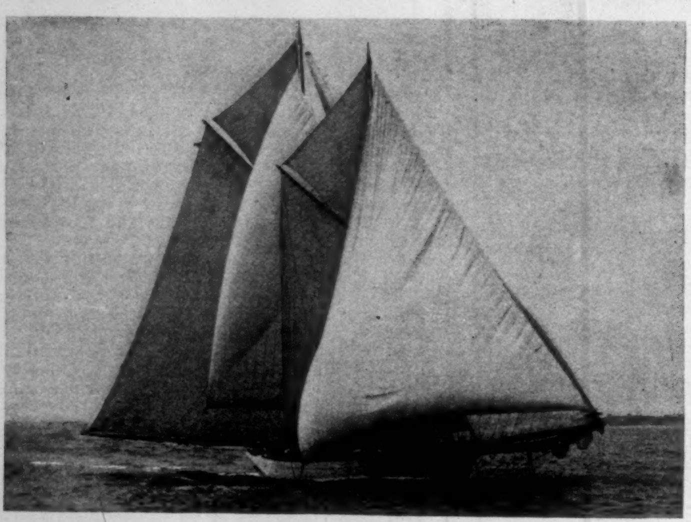
"IROQUOIS."



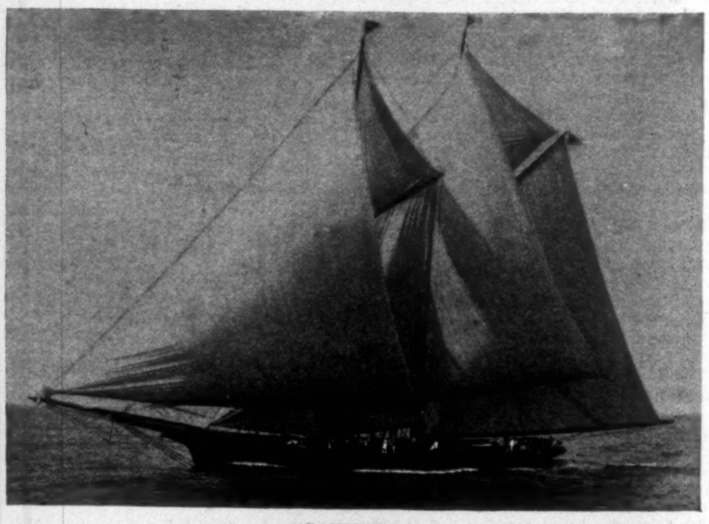
"MARGUERITE."



"VOLUNTEER."

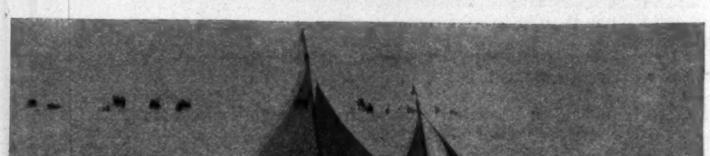


"MERLIN."



"DAUNTLESS."

"ALCÆA."



"LASCA."

SEVEN FAMOUS RACING-SCHOONERS.—[SEE PAGE 895.]

PROPOSED ARCH FOR THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.
DESIGN NO. 1, BY HENRY B. HERTS.

THE COLUMBIAN ARCH.

THE Art Committee of the Columbus Celebration, which is to begin on the 12th of October, in New York, met on the 1st of September to award the contract for an arch to be erected at the Fifty-ninth Street entrance to the Central Park. The subcommittee to examine the plans submitted—there were about fifty of these—consisted of Messrs. Richard M. Hunt, John La Farge, Augustus St. Gaudens, L. P. di Cesnola, and Robert J. Hoguet. After a careful study of all the drawings, it was decided that the best plan was that of a Columbia College student, Henry B. Herts, of 22 West Forty-third Street. Mr. Herts is only twenty-one years old, and as he beat in the competition many of the ablest and most experienced architects in the metropolis, his triumph is most creditable. Last year, in the WEEKLY, an account was given of the work that was being done in high places by young men of New York, and it was astonishing to learn how many youths easily carried heavy responsibilities and accomplished great things. None of these was so young as Mr. Herts, who now comes from the class-room, before he has assumed the responsibilities of manhood, and carries off a prize of which any architect in New York might well be proud.

Mr. Herts's design, an illustration of which is given above, was suggested by the Arch of Constantine at Rome. It was selected by the committee not alone for its artistic beauty, but because of its peculiar fitness. The main body of the arch is to be built of white marble, and with its fountains, its polished monolithic columns of pigeon-blood marble, its mosaic and gold inlaying, its bass-relief-work, and surmounting group of bronze, the committee that selected it say it will be a monument to American architecture of which the city will be proud.

HENRY B. HERTS.

From the ground to the top of the bronze caravel in the centre of the allegorical group with which the arch will be surmounted the distance will be 160 feet, and the entire width of the arch will be 120 feet. The opening from the ground to the keystone will be 80 feet high and 40 feet wide. On the front of each pier will be large marble fountains, the water playing about figures representing Victory and Immortality. These fountains will be lighted at night by electric lamps. The surface of the piers between the columns will be richly decorated in bass-relief with gold and mosaic. Above each fountain will be a panel, one representing Columbus at the court of Spain, and the other the great Admiral at the Convent of Rabida just before his departure on the voyage

(*Continued on page* 910.)

POOR, DILAPIDATED TODDLERS,

Young-old men, thin, nervons, peevish, cranky creatures, are daily met with. They should take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and strengthen their puny frames, freshen up their jaded appetites, tranquillize their tremulous nerves. We live too fast, that's the fact, and impair vitality early. The best tonic is the Bitters, which may be relied upon to cure dyspepsia, liver and kidney disorders, and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
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Is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

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"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.—[*Adv.*]

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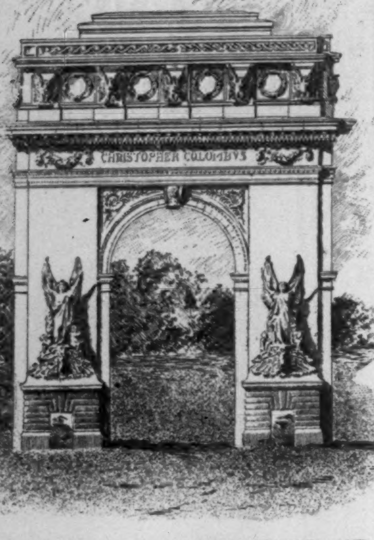


DESIGN NO. 2, BY FRANKLIN CROSBY BUTLER AND PAUL EMIL DUBOIS.

THE COLUMBIAN ARCH.

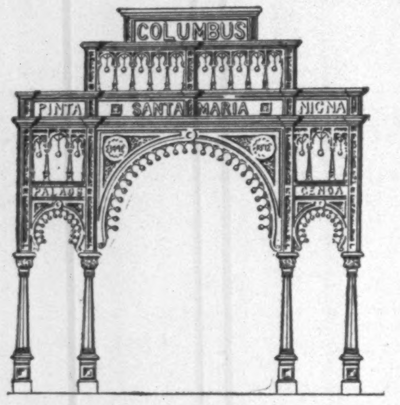
(*Continued from page 909.*)

across the unknown sea. In the spaces on either side of the crown of the arch will be colossal reclining figures of Victory in bass-relief. The highly decorative frieze will be of polished red marble, and surmounting the projecting keystone of the arch will be a bronze representation of an American eagle. On the central panel of the attic will be the inscription:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
IN MEMORIAL GLORIOUS
TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,
DISCOVERER OF AMERICA.

Other panels of the attic will be white marble illustrations of the entry of Columbus to Madrid. The crowning figure of the arch will be an allegorical group representing Columbus discovering America. This last shows a ship about to cast anchor off an unknown shore. To the right and left are bronze groups, emblematical of North and South America welcoming the advent of the new life to the new continents, represented by a cluster statue of Exploration, Science, and Art. The temporary structure, to be completed on the 8th of October, so as to be ready for the celebration four days later, will cost $7500. If the arch ever be put into permanent marble, and such is the hope of Mr. Herts and the art committee, it will cost $350,000. It is a larger structure than Mr. Stanford White's Washington Arch at the foot of Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Herts, for a youth of his age, has had already something of a career. He is the youngest son of the late Henry B. Herts, the founder of the firm of Herts Brothers, decorators and art furnishers. He went to the public schools, and spent one year in the mechanical department of the College of the City of New York. He then went into the factory of his brothers to learn the trade of a carpenter. While there the men in the factory went out on strike. Young Herts sympathized with them, and also went out. This insubordination cost him his place with his brothers, who would not take the young fellow back into their employ. He now went with Alfred Zucker, the architect, as office boy, and cleaned up the place and ran errands. He, however, had a chance now and then to work as a draughtsman. The obvious talents of the boy attracted the attention of the distinguished architect Bruce Price, who took Herts into his office, where he still remains and works when not in college. Mr. Price encouraged him in every way, and even offered to defray his expenses through a course in architecture at Columbia. He entered the School of Mines in 1889, and will be graduated next year. Mr. Herts has also exhibited water-colors at the exhibitions of the Architectural League and the Water-Color Club. He has also written and made pen-and-ink sketches for *Life* and other illustrated weeklies. Such studies and actual work have not exhausted the energies of young Mr. Herts, and he has, besides taking an active part in the east side work of the Neighborhood Guild and the University Settlement Society, found time to participate in the athletic sports of Columbia, and as a half-mile runner has acquitted himself with much credit.



DESIGN NO. 3, BY ALBERT WAHLE AND J. BEECKMAN.

The committee invited designs on the 1st of July. Mr. Herts went to work on the 5th, and pegged away night and day for six weeks. The time was certainly very short in which to elaborate so complete and worthy a design. The committee has awarded a gold medal to Mr. Herts. The plan submitted by Franklin Crosby Butler and Paul Emil Dubois, of No. 80 East Washington Square, was awarded second prize, and a silver medal. The designs of Albert Wahle, No. 321 East Nineteenth Street, and J. Beeckman, No. 160 Fifth Avenue, were awarded honorable mention. If the committee can raise the money needed, these other three arches will also be erected in other parts of the city. It is very desirable that what money is needed may be forth-coming, so that the celebration will in no wise confirm the impression generally held by people in other parts of the country that New-Yorkers take no pride in their town, and only care for it because of its commercial importance.

VERMONT'S NEW GOVERNOR.

THE State election of Vermont was held on Tuesday, September 6th. For the first time the Australian ballot system was in use in the smaller towns, and it is estimated that about ten per cent. of the vote cast was rendered void by the failure of the voters to comply with the law regarding the marking of ballots. As was anticipated, Vermont went Republican, although the total vote was the smallest cast for Governor for some time, both parties falling behind the number of votes of 1888.

Colonel Levi K. Fuller, the Republican Governor-elect, is a native of New England, having been born in Westmoreland, New Hampshire, February 24, 1841, of English and German parentage. He is a self-made man, having started forth as a boy of thirteen with a capital of twenty-five cents. He worked at the printer's trade, and studied telegraphy, and at the age of sixteen won a prize for a steam-engine improvement which he had invented. He had then removed to Vermont, but later on went to Boston, where he learned the machinist's trade, and undertook a course of scientific study at the night schools. In 1860 he returned to Vermont, settling in Brattleboro, where he later established a machine shop. In 1866 he went into the firm of I. Estey & Co., and has been Vice-President of the great organ manufactory for twenty years. He is favorably known in business and scientific circles, and also to the musical world. In 1874 he organized the Fuller Light Battery of the State militia, and received the brevet of Colonel in 1887. Colonel Fuller was elected to the State Senate in 1880, and six years later was chosen to fill the position of Lieutenant-Governor, thus fitting himself for the high post to which he has just been elected. He has held many other positions of trust and honor, and is regarded by his fellow-citizens as a capable and worthy man.

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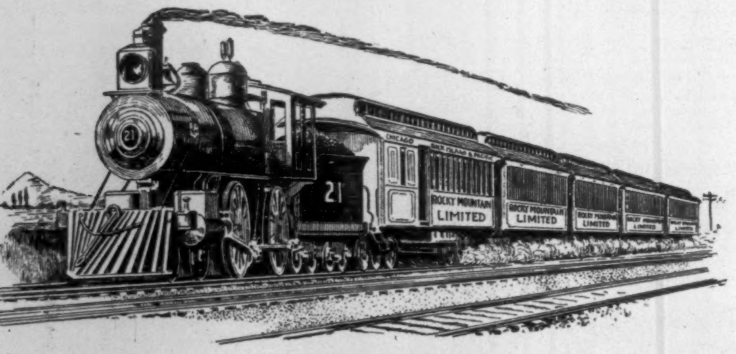

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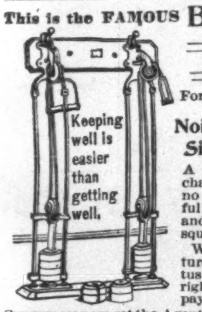

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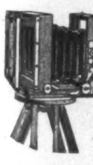

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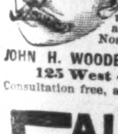

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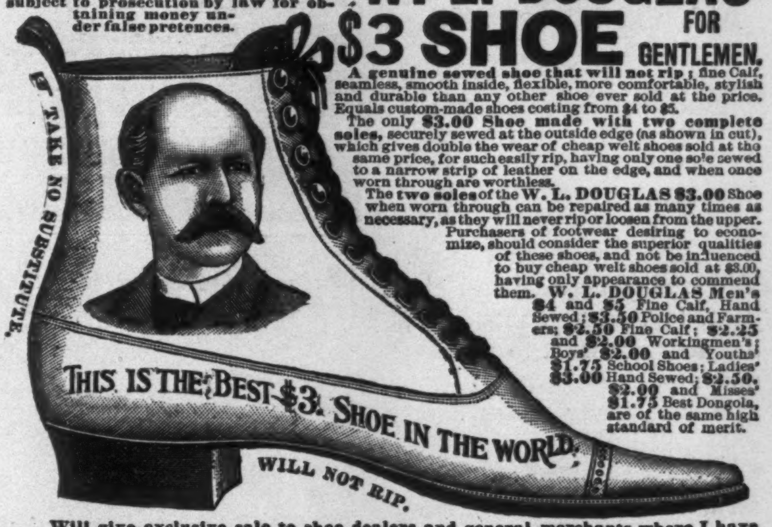

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